The Outlook

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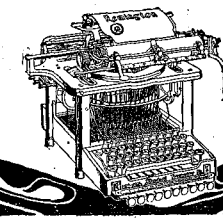

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The Outlook

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1904

The Week in Politics

Judge Parker's address in reply to the official notification of his nomination will this week bring the campaign to a direct issue. There has been much curiosity to see precisely what position Judge Parker will take on other points than the one upon which he pronounced himself so positively while the Democratic Convention was still in session. With his speech of acceptance before them, and the possibility of comparing Judge Parker's utterances directly with those of Mr. Roosevelt, the voters will be for the first time in a position to weigh the candidates' opinions as compared with the respective platforms. Last week was comparatively of little importance in the political world. The most notable event was the resignation by Judge Parker of his office as Chief Justice of the New York Court of Appeals. This was expected and was really a political necessity, but Judge Parker's conduct in refusing to hold on to the office until such a date as would make it possibly not too late for him to be a candidate for re-election to the same office showed that delicate sense of honor which is characteristic of the man. As it is, the Governor appoints a temporary Chief Justice, and the office will be filled for the full term at the November election. Much comment was excited during the week by the local differences between Mr. Murphy, the Democratic leader of Tammany, and Mr. McCarren, his Brooklyn political rival. At present the rupture between the two factions seems one that is dangerous for Democratic political unity in New York City, but past experience makes it probable that some method of conciliation will be found by the National and State leaders. Senator Fairbanks was officially informed of his nomination last week, and made a reply which was entirely in line with the platform utterances and with Mr. Roosevelt's speech of acceptance, but was not marked by any notable passages.

❀

The Statement of Governor Peabody, of Colorado

Governor James H. Peabody has published a statement, addressed to the people of Colorado, explaining his policy in suppressing violence. He is impelled to take this action, he announces, because his acts have been misrepresented. He tells of the strike which began the trouble, the appointment of a gubernatorial commission to investigate, their report on the basis of which the strike was declared off, their later statement that the promises of the mine-owners had been kept, and the resumption of the strike and its extension to unaffected districts under the direction of the Western Federation of Miners. He then characterizes this organization as being "led and absolutely controlled by unscrupulous men." He reminds the people that his undertaking to confine certain men in military guardhouses was upheld by the courts, and assures them that the class that need dread incarceration is "not numerous." The deportation of agitators from the mining region he defends on the ground that "the mountains and gulches of that rugged country afford a multitude of safe places for reconnoiter and hiding," and that these men were deported "only after careful investigation of each individual case." He declares that he is waging a battle not against but in behalf of laboring men, affirms his appreciation of the "right and wisdom" of labor organizations for better wages and working conditions, and records his belief that laboring men themselves will distinguish between lawful unions and a federation of "socialistic, anarchistic objects and methods." It is his one object, he says, to show "that the laws will be upheld."

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The Issue Involved

We have received communications from two correspondents in Colorado, which are characterized by much more heat than light, one by an advocate of the mine-owners, the other by an advocate of the union miners. The first affirms that eighty per cent. of the miners own stock in the mines, that they did not want to strike, that they were compelled to do so by the other twenty per cent., who were mainly not actually miners, but toughs, thieves, and saloon lovers, and that they had the eight-hour day for which they were striking before they struck. The other correspondent sends us a copy of a paper which is miscalled "Appeal to Reason," but should be entitled "Appeal to Passion." The only appeal to reason we find in it is a paragraph in one article telling the readers that there is a wiser and more humane solution of industrial and governmental problems than is promised in the strike, and that it is to be found in the ballot-box. The Outlook cannot take its statements of facts from either of these correspondents, because it cannot take them from any advocate of either of the parties engaged in this war. A thorough investigation of the facts is now being made by the Federal Government under the general direction of Mr. Carroll D. Wright, and our confidence in his clear-headedness, integrity, and judicial temper is such that we expect to accept the results of his investigation as final, so far as the facts are concerned. Meanwhile, to both our correspondents we repeat what we have said before: first, that the Western Federation of Miners is justly held responsible for the wholesale slaughter at Independence, because that was a natural consequence of the inflammatory and revolutionary appeal issued by the officers of the Federation; secondly, that nothing can justify or excuse the action of the military authorities in deporting from the State the union miners whom they have expelled. Either those miners were criminals or they were not; if they were criminals, Colorado had no right to send them beyond its borders to be a plague and a menace to other States; if they were not criminals, it had no right to drive them from their home; and in no case had it a right to inflict such punishment upon residents in the State without giving them a copy of the charges preferred against them, a fair trial upon those charges, and an opportunity to be heard in their own defense; this is a very different thing from what Governor Peabody calls "a careful investigation of each individual case." The more infamous the crime with which they were charged, the more absolute was their right to have a hearing.

❀

Steamboat Reinspection Under Threat

The extremity to which some men are willing to go, not only in disregard of experience but also in defiance of public opinion, was illustrated last week by the action of certain steamboat managers. The officials of the Department of Commerce who are reinspecting the vessels in New York harbor requested that the company operating the Grand Republic, a sister ship to the General Slocum, which was burned on June 15, submit the boat for examination. The company, which carries on an amusement resort at Coney Island, at first declined to do so. They declared that the Grand Republic had already been inspected, and passed not only by Government inspectors but by experts of their own choosing, and that the withdrawal of the vessel from service would cost them too much money to allow them to comply with the request. They were very sure that the boat was perfectly safe. Thereupon the United States District Attorney threatened to libel the boat and institute proceedings to collect $500 for every trip made. This threat apparently brought the company to terms. It has turned out that of twenty-five hundred life-preservers on board, one thousand were unfit. Yet it is said that this vessel has during this season carried on one trip six thousand passengers. The brutal disregard of human life shown by these steamboat managers may have one good effect: it may serve to keep public opinion keen. It is only fair to say that the company is now apparently co-operating with the inspectors.

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The Building Trades Condition in New York

Strikes and lockouts in New York have brought back to the building operations in New York City conditions of confusion much resembling those which caused misery among employees and pecuniary loss to employers a year ago. When the arbitration agreement followed the disastrous period of last year, many were inclined to believe that warlike methods of settling disputes had been permanently superseded by methods quite as effective and far more rational. This agreement had hardly been put into operation before there were heard accusations that one side or the other was violating it. In the meantime the employers were strengthening their association, while the workmen were realigning their demoralized forces. Out of the old federation of unions there grew up two new federations. One is connected with the Central Federated Union; the other, the Building Trades Alliance, is practically a new organization. The latter claims to be free from any obligation to observe the arbitration agreement, as it was organized after that agreement was made. The root of the present difficulty seems to be the spirit of these three organizations—two made up of the employees, one of the employers. Instead of having for their aim the creation of a plan by which they may agree, each seems to have for its only aim the strengthening of its own organization. There is no avowed intention on the part of the employers to establish the "open shop." Indeed, on the part of some employers the closed shop has proved an effective weapon with which to fight competitors. The pugnacious spirit of the organizations on both sides is enough to explain the breaking down of the arbitration agreement and the resumption of the strike and the lockout.

❀

A Democratic Leader

Robert E. Pattison, who died at his home near Philadelphia last week, had what we suppose to be the unique honor of being twice elected Governor of Pennsylvania on a Democratic platform. At a time when corruption was rife in his State, and the patience of honest men of both parties had been exhausted, Mr. Pattison's fine record as Comptroller of Philadelphia (an office, by the way, to which he had been first chosen while the State candidates of his party were defeated, and again, for his second term, when the Republican Presidential candidates were elected by over 20,000 majority) suggested his nomination for the Governorship, and, by the aid of a large Independent Republican vote, he was elected in 1882, and again, after an interval, in 1891. In both terms, by vetoes, by appointments, and by urging legislation, he aided the cause of political integrity, and when a reform and reapportionment measure was defeated in the Legislature, did not hesitate, though in vain, to call an extra session for its reconsideration. Later on he was defeated both for the office of Governor and that of Mayor of Philadelphia. His reputation as a strong, able, and thoroughly high-minded man was beyond criticism or question.

❀

Liaoyang and Port Arthur Threatened

The events of last week narrowed the Russian defensive position both in Manchuria and at Port Arthur. In the former campaign the Russians are gradually retreating toward Liaoyang, as the three Japanese armies—under General Oku on the west, General Nodzu in the center, and General Koruki at the east—push forward. After the decisive defeat of the Russians at Tachekiao, where the Japanese, as usual, outflanked them, it was evident that Haicheng was no longer tenable; and as General Nodzu's force moved westward to join General Oku, the Russians fell back, after a severe engagement at and near Simucheng on the road over which General Nodzu's army (known also as the Takushan army, because it landed at that port) was moving. In this battle the Japanese admit losing about five hundred, and claim that the Russians left fifteen hundred dead on the field. The evacuation of Haicheng followed, and the next stand of the Russians in this western region seems to be at Anshanshan, a place on

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the railroad perhaps twenty miles north of Haicheng. Meanwhile, to the eastward, General Kuroki made a threatening advance and seized the pass of Yanztse after severe fighting, in which Lieutenant-General Count Keller of the Russian army was killed while perhaps recklessly exposing himself. The Japanese already held the Motien Pass, and now seem to have almost direct access to the Russian main position at Liaoyang, while bodies of General Kuroki's forces are edging northeastward and seem to threaten Mukden. It is true that, as the Japanese semicircle narrows about General Kuropatkin, his forces concentrate and become more formidable. The important question from the military point of view now is whether he will risk a tremendous battle near Liaoyang or retreat toward Mukden. The former alternative is generally believed to be his intention, although most people believe also that the Japanese will largely outnumber the Russians in this battle; and the Japanese skill and bravery are unexcelled, to say the least; their artillery attacks have been wonderfully effective; and in every engagement fought they have sooner or later outflanked the Russians. At Port Arthur there was undoubtedly severe fighting on July 26, 27, and 28. The Russians assert that a Japanese general assault was repulsed with a loss of 10,000 Japanese and 1,000 Russians. It is more than probable, however, that these figures are very largely exaggerated, and that the statement from Tokyo is substantially correct which represents this assault as a feint to occupy the attention of the Russians while the Japanese seized the important and commanding position on Wolf Hill. There is no doubt that the Japanese are ready to sacrifice many thousands of lives to gain Port Arthur when the time for the assault comes, and already General Noki, who is in command of this part of the Japanese campaign, has 250 or more siege guns in position. The capture of Port Arthur is not only important toward bringing the war to a conclusion, but it is a matter of national honor to Japan to recover the so-called impregnable citadel which she once carried by assault, and which she was compelled to abandon by the Powers.

❀

Food as Contraband of War

The cabled statement that the Russian prize court at Vladivostok has confiscated a large quantity of American flour, found on the German steamship Arabia recently seized by the Russians, brings up for discussion the general principles regarding food as contraband of war. Russia at the outset of the war published an elaborate declaration as to what she would consider contraband; and in a measure this declaration may be considered as a warning to neutrals against violating its provisions. In this declaration Russia included as contraband food and coal when destined for Japan, and Russian officials now say that to send a large quantity of foodstuff or coal is *prima facie* proof that it is intended for the army! On the other hand, the United States very positively regards these articles as not contraband, unless it can be clearly shown that they are intended for the army or navy of a belligerent nation. Under this interpretation of international law it would make no difference whether a cargo containing food and coal were destined for a Japanese port or not, provided it were carried in a neutral ship. Our State Department will investigate fully all the circumstances connected with the seizure of American goods, and will reserve all rights in the matter for possible future demands upon Russia and for diplomatic discussion. It is evident that, as international law is not at present capable of enforcement by any international court, a nation at war decides in the first instance such cases for itself; that is, there is no appeal of the United States and Great Britain from the decision of the Russian prize court other than by diplomatic representation, attempts to formulate new treaties, or, in the last resort, and only under a belief of great wrong, war. The circumstances connected with the sinking of the British ship the Knight Commander have been reviewed by a prize court at Vladivostok and the vessel declared fair prize of war; the Russians say that the captain of the ship admits that her cargo

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was contraband of war, and that the ship refused to stop when hailed; but even if this be true, Great Britain will be slow to admit that a neutral vessel containing contraband of war may be destroyed, unless, conceivably, under extremely exasperating circumstances, such as offering resistance to an armed ship. It will be remembered that in the Boer War Great Britain paid for a cargo of foodstuffs sent from the United States to a Portuguese port, and alleged to be intended for the Boers. By this payment Great Britain gave the best possible evidence of her adherence to the American idea that food is not contraband.

❀

The Free Church Not Free

The ten years' struggle for the freedom of spiritual functions from interference by civil authority, which was terminated in 1843 by the secession of the "Free" from the Established Church of Scotland, seems now to be recommencing. Those seceders, under the lead of Dr. Chalmers, renounced a yearly interest of $500,000 in the temporalities of the Establishment, in order to vindicate the freedom of the Church in the exercise of its legitimate rights. This freedom has met with a denial by the court of final resort, which is to us inexplicable. It certainly exhibits a difference between British and American ideas of the relation between Church and State as sharp as the difference between British and American criminal law that Mrs. Maybrick's case illustrated by the impossibility of granting her a new trial subsequent to a conviction that did not conclusively establish her guilt. The decision is to the effect that the Free Church, which made that costly sacrifice in 1843 to free itself from control by the State, did not thereby free itself from the right of the State to hold it to its ancient formularies; that, by modification of these and union with another branch of the Presbyterian body, it has destroyed its identity; that consequently a minority who split from it in protest against these changes, though only two or three per cent. of the whole, is the only body that the law can recognize as the Free Church, and is the legal holder of the entire property of the Church, some $20,000,000. Without a penny legally its own for parochial, educational, or missionary uses, momentary consternation reigns throughout the Church. Of course its spirit will rise to the emergency, but in just what way it is too early to say. It is not unlikely that a compromise will be effected with the successful claimants, mostly poor congregations in the ultra-conservative Highland districts, hitherto somewhat dependent on the richer Lowlanders, but now in possession of resources far beyond their power to use. This extraordinary case, as sketched below, forms a striking episode in church history.

❀

Uncompromising Calvinists

The struggle has been theological as well as ecclesiastical. The stand for an uncompromising Calvinism lately made in this country in the unsuccessful opposition to the union of Presbyterians and Cumberland Presbyterians has been made in Scotland at the last ditch under circumstances that might have discouraged anything less tough than Scottish temper. The doxologies raised at the union of the Free Presbyterian and the United Presbyterian Churches in 1900 seem to have only embittered a few resolute dissenters, who at once proceeded to organize the remnant claiming to be the original and only Free Presbyterians. Their state of mind then and now appears in the recent address of the Moderator of their Assembly, who spoke of the United Free Presbyterian Church, formed by the union, as "a huge menagerie of clean and unclean animals, offering an asylum for a great variety of errors and heresies." This remnant, properly so called, as consisting of only some thirty-six ministers from about eleven hundred congregations, proceeded at once to assert a legal claim to the property and funds held by the Free Church before the union. The gist of their contention was that the United Free Church was not so constituted as to secure the original principles and doctrines of the Free Church, but rather to alter them, while they themselves, as maintaining those principles

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and doctrines inviolate, were entitled to share its holdings, if not to possess them. The suit was defeated in the Scotch court in July, 1902, and was appealed to the House of Lords, in which a committee, popularly known as "the law Lords," exercises a function similar to that of our Supreme Court. Before a decision was reached one of the two Scotch members of this committee died. The remaining members being equally divided, and desiring further enlightenment, the entire case has recently been reargued; not, however, without an effort to settle it out of court. Last May the Assembly of the United Free Church unanimously voted to offer $250,000 in quittance of the claim, with the right to the churches and manses now held by the claimants, and sundry minor concessions. This olive branch was as unanimously rejected, on the ground that the claim of the remnant to be the genuine Free Church was incapable of compromise on a property basis, and must be fought to the end.

❀

Points at Issue In the argument before the Lords the point of dispute was the alleged infidelity of the United Free Church to the "fundamentals" of the Westminster Confession. In 1892 the Free Church adopted a "Declaratory Act," to the effect that subscription to the Confession should be understood as permitting a reasonable latitude in its interpretation. It would seem that the present claimants never approved of this, and employed it as opportune for their contention that it permits a fundamental departure from the strict Calvinism of the Confession. More ground exists for this than they chose to use. Under cover of the Declaratory Act, Free Church theologians have repudiated a doctrine so fundamental in the Confession as the fall of all mankind in Adam. Not this, however, but one more dear to metaphysical Scots, the doctrine of unconditional election and reprobation set forth in the famous Third Chapter of the Confession—recently the chief bone of contention among some of our theological countrymen—was the point around which the tide of controversy mainly surged. The Lords declared that they were being led into waters exceedingly deep. An entire day and more was spent by learned counsel for the defense in showing (1) that the Confession asserts both divine foreordination and human freedom to secure salvation, as consistent with each other, and (2) that, the former being made more prominent in the Confession than the latter, the Declaratory Act only made it clear that both were to be held together. Of more practical importance, and much nearer the heart of the controversy, was his contention that not identity of doctrine constitutes the identity of the Church, but rather its common and continuous life—a point which Dr. Marcus Dods has lately put in epigram: "The Confession must be the Confession of the Church instead of the Church being the Church of the Confession." The other point of controversy was the right of the civil authority, asserted by the minority, to bind even a "free" church to its original constitution and formularies. In the recent hearing, the Chief Justices of England and Scotland, Lords Alverstone and Kinross, were added to the previous tribunal. As indicating the confidence reposed in judicial impartiality, this appointment was made and acquiesced in notwithstanding that Lord Kinross, then Mr. J. B. Balfour, gave his opinion as counsel, years ago, that the union then projected involved no serious consequences to funds or property.

❀

Transvaal Reforms The first step toward the gradual re-establishment of popular government promised by the British authorities when the Boers capitulated has been granted in the decision to have an elective, instead of the present appointive, legislative council in the Transvaal. The council consists of twenty-nine members. Particulars have not yet been received as to electoral qualifications and apportionment, but, judging from reports, a conservative basis has been arranged, so that the mining interests and British authority may not be unduly prejudiced by a Boer majority in the council. Lord Milner and the Rand

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magnates, although agreed as to the necessity of importing Chinese labor to work the mines, have been by no means of one mind in regard to the general policy of developing the country, and there is at present a strong antagonism between them. Lord Milner advocates the rapid building of railways and rapid agricultural settlement, especially by the British, so as to reduce the present Boer superiority in the country districts and hasten the increase of farms; the mining interests, opposing additional taxation for railway purposes, have blocked Lord Milner's railway policy for the present, and have procured the resignation of his capable railway administrator and engineer, Sir Percy Gerouard. They are evidently combined in behalf of a selfish policy of mining development, leaving agriculture to thrive as best it may. Lord Milner and his friends are firmly opposing them, and around this issue will undoubtedly center the chief interest in that part of South Africa for some time to come.

❀

A Pioneer in City Sanitation

Sir John Simon, the most eminent reformer in modern methods of city sanitation, died recently in London in the eighty-ninth year of his age. He is justly called the pioneer in this branch of municipal work, and from 1848, when he was appointed Officer of Health for the City of London, to 1876, he was constantly in the public service. During that time his investigations and reports in regard to sanitary matters were epoch-making, and were in large part the basis of most of the sanitary reform legislation in England during the last half-century. He drained London, abolished the system of central cesspools under houses, caused intra-mural slaughter-houses and other unhealthy trade establishments to be removed, and started a strong agitation against smoke, intra-mural graveyards, impure water, and overcrowded dwellings. He also defended Jenner's vaccination methods, and neutralized the agitation against them. During the cholera visitations of 1849 and 1854 his reports were accepted as the best lessons of the situation, and were efficient in securing better sanitation. The death-rate of London rapidly diminished under the legislation based on his reports, and other large cities of the kingdom, such as Glasgow, Birmingham, and Newcastle-on-Tyne, were likewise hygienically improved by his policy. It is difficult to overestimate the value of his work upon the public health of England and the Continent, and doubtless our own large cities, in their earlier attempts in sanitary improvement, owe much to Sir John Simon. A long list of honors from medical and scientific societies was conferred upon him.

❀

Troubles of the Labor Government in Australia

Premier Watson, the leader of the labor party in Australia, has not made a good beginning as the head of the Federal Ministry, nor do his colleagues in office and supporters in both houses of Parliament manifest any proofs of competence either in legislation or administration. They have not failed yet in the sense of being driven from office, but they seem utterly incapable of parliamentary leadership. Their chief fault seems to be that they have imported the petty jealousy and exclusiveness of a local trade-union into large affairs, and refuse to co-operate either with those who helped them to victory or those who, though formerly opposed to them, now wish to meet them half-way. Premier Watson has a support of twenty-five followers against forty-seven in opposition, part under the leadership of the late Premier, Mr. Deakin, who is a protectionist, and part under the free-trade leader, Mr. Reid. Premier Watson, obeying the behest of the labor unions, will not form a coalition with the free-traders who helped him to defeat Mr. Deakin; nor will he make any advances to the latter, whose programme the labor party has closely copied. The consequence is that free-traders and protectionists, agreeing to allow the fiscal question to be put aside for the present, are combining to defeat Premier Watson. The latter is not initiating any radical legislation whatever, such as the labor unions demand, and the latter are already dissatisfied with their

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parliamentary leaders. The situation therefore resembles a deadlock, with a Ministry unable to do anything positive or progressive, and an opposition thus far unable really to oppose. The British traditional alignment of two parliamentary parties has been broken in upon by a third party about equal in numbers to either of the other two, but unable to place itself; and no expedient has been hit upon so that the business of legislation may proceed. It looks as if the Ministry would have to resign through sheer incompetence or before the difficulties of an unprecedented situation.

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Workmen's Insurance in Germany

The benefit of compulsory insurance of workmen in Germany is strikingly shown by statistics in the sociological and economic department at the World's Fair in St. Louis. The way in which the German Government regulates insurance partly accounts for the ability of the working people to bear the burden of military and other taxation which weighs on them so heavily, and in some measure removes the fear of poverty from many thousands for whom no other means of financial assistance would be available, and who would otherwise be thrown on charity. The insurance is chiefly against accident, sickness, and infirmity due to old age. The number of working people, of whom over 2,000,000 were women, thus protected in 1902 was 17,582,000, and is now, judging by the present rate of increase, probably in excess of 20,000,000. In 1902 there were 711,330 cases of accident indemnified, and in the present year 663,140 pensions for disability are in force, besides 14,186 pensions for illness and 156,618 pensions for old age. The total income of workingmen's insurance funds in 1901 was $131,648,430, and the total expenses were $106,043,003 in that year. To the total income the employers contributed 45.20 per cent., the employees 37.64 per cent., and the Government 6.43 per cent., while the balance of 10.73 per cent. was derived from interest and earnings. More than $250,000 per day was paid out that year in benefits to working people.

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Jewish Colonization in British East Africa

The projected Jewish colonization of East Africa seems likely to be a failure, judging by reports of the attempts made to realize it. A few days ago Sir Charles Elliot, British Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief of the East African Protectorate, resigned his position because of his opposition to the scheme, having refused to obey Lord Lansdowne's order to grant a large concession to a syndicate representing the Jewish Colonial Trust. There is also strong opposition to the scheme in England, and in the House of Commons the subject recently excited a hot debate. The Government's offer of land was made public at the Zionist Congress at Basle, Switzerland, and was made in the spirit of generosity to English Jews, because the project for Jewish settlement in Palestine seemed precarious and impracticable. It has had the effect, however, of dividing the Zionists, the Russian Jews objecting, while the original design of settling in Palestine has by no means been given up. Besides, a committee sent to East Africa reported local difficulties in the way which were not likely to be surmounted. The gist of the opposition among Englishmen is that an alien community would grow up in a new British colony, with a tribal ideal molding its civilization, and that this should not be permitted. One result will be to compel Zionists to concentrate their efforts again upon their Palestinian scheme; otherwise the whole movement seems likely to collapse.

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American Ramabai Association

Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall, President of Union Seminary, lately accepted the presidency of the American Ramabai Association, vacated by the resignation of Dr. E. Winchester Donald. Dr. Robert A. Hume, of India, has borne recent testimony, as a neighbor of Ramabai, to her great school for Hindu child widows, the Shâradâ Sadan, as "a magnificent institution." The Pandita Rama-

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bai in her recent reports to the Association speaks of insidious efforts to cripple her work, and of a calamitous plague of locusts, whose ravages have been costly to its productive property. With nearly two thousand persons under her charge, her staff of assistants is too small, and her physical vigor suffers from the excessive drain upon her powers. Dr. Hume declares that "there never was an hour in the history of that noble woman's enterprise when she needed the support and the sympathy of the women of America more than at the present time." We are assured on the same authority that the English officials desire to strengthen her position. While there are some three million high-caste young widows in India, enduring indignity and suffering, it is encouraging to learn that several other homes for them have sprung up besides Ramabai's, an indication that her example is influential. The Treasurer of the Association is Mr. Curtis Chipman, 222 Boylston Street, Boston.

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The Jacob Abbott Memorial

A fund has been established to purchase and preserve the home of Jacob Abbott. Those who, as children or as adults, read the Rollo books, the Franconia stories, "Hoaryhead and McDonner," or the "little red histories," and made the acquaintance of Rollo and Beechnut and Uncle George, will be interested in this undertaking to restore and keep in order an American literary landmark. Jacob Abbott anticipated by many years the literature that has centered about children. Much of this later literature has been either of the sort that, though appealing to child readers, appears to adults to be puerile, or else of the sort that, though not appealing to child readers, reveals to adults the spirit of childhood. Mr. Abbott's books appealed to both the immature and the mature mind, and at the same time represented the spirit of childhood with a rare sympathy. As Mr. Barrett Wendell has pointed out, his work also gives a picture of American life in the middle of the nineteenth century which is almost unique. Even the tribute of parody has been and still is frequently accorded to his books. The home of Jacob Abbott was in Farmington, Maine. There he built "Little Blue," where his brother started a school. Later he made his home in the house across the road on the place known as "Fewacres." It is planned to make of "Fewacres" a memorial and to lease it to the Abbott School, which is still maintained at "Little Blue," and thus to restore its association with Mr. Abbott. Contributions of one dollar or more may be sent to the Rev. Edward Abbott, 11 Dana Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts, or to Mr. Carleton P. Merrill or Mr. George Dudley Church, Farmington, Maine.

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E. Winchester Donald, D.D.

Few laymen realize to what a strain the city pastor of a great church is subjected. It is, we judge, this strain to which the Rev. E. Winchester Donald has succumbed, dying in the fifty-sixth year of his age, primarily of exhaustion. This at least is our interpretation of his death; what name the doctors gave to his disease we do not know. His parents were Congregationalists, and he took his ministerial education at Andover Theological Seminary. In his senior year he resolved to enter the Episcopal ministry. He was accustomed to tell the story that when his father was asked what he thought of his son's leaving the Congregational for the Episcopal Church—at a time when the hostility between the prelacy and independency inherited from an earlier age had not wholly disappeared—the father replied: "His mother and I consecrated him to the ministry from the cradle, but, as ill luck would have it, we forgot to mention the denomination." This spirit of catholicity the son inherited from his father, and carried with him throughout his life. When the Rev. Lyman Abbott was installed over Plymouth (Congregational) Church, and, at the same time and by the same service, the Rev. Howard S. Bliss was ordained and installed assistant pastor over the same church, Dr. Donald by invitation attended the Coun-

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cil, where he declared his ecclesiastical position in the following words:

> I wish to say, in the most explicit terms, in words that by no means can be twisted into something that they do not mean, that I stand as an Episcopal minister, a High Churchman if you please to call me so, and I extend to Dr. Abbott and Mr. Bliss my greetings as ministers of the Lord Jesus Christ, in every respect spiritually competent to preach the Word of God and to administer the two sacraments which alone belong to the Church.

On the election of Phillips Brooks as Bishop of Massachusetts, Dr. Donald was called to be Dr. Brooks's successor. As different in temperament as he was in physical build from his predecessor, he carried into the pulpit of Trinity Church a spirit as catholic and as humane, and a consecration as absolute and unqualified. He was sometimes criticised for want of tact, but never for want of candor. He was preeminently a devout soul and a religious preacher. And by the sheer force of his virile piety, animating and directing an intellect at once vigorous and acute, he succeeded, beyond the expectation of his friends, in carrying on the work of the greatest American preacher of his day. In his death the Church in America has lost a minister of whose type she has not so many that she can well afford to lose a single one.

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The Subway Tavern: an Experiment

On the corner of Mulberry and Bleecker Streets in New York City, close to an entrance of the new subway, there hangs a sign in large gilt letters, "Subway Tavern." On each side of the doorway stands a bulletin-board covered with newspaper clippings, some of them describing the ceremony at which the Bishop of New York dedicated the tavern to the purpose of its founders, others retailing the denunciation and approval of the tavern and the Bishop. Within the doorway there is a soda-water fountain. Near it is a screen running across the room and marking, like the cross in the pavement of Durham Cathedral, the place beyond which women are not allowed to go. This screen bears a sign that beer can be had "at the fount." A doorway in the screen leads to the bar-room. Here there is the customary bar and free-lunch counter of the American saloon. Tables and chairs occupy much of the floor space. The framed originals of newspaper cartoons hang on the walls. The visitor who expects to find something freakish, eccentric, or exotic about the place is disappointed; and if he goes not merely out of curiosity, but simply to get what the place affords, he is correspondingly pleased. For the lover of the picturesque the place has no peculiar attractions; for the man who is accustomed to find in the saloon a social resort or refuge from the street, where he can be undisturbed, the place has all the attraction of familiarity.

The fact that a bishop should assist in the formal opening of such a place has shocked the moral sense of some people and has offended the taste of others. So far as his participation gave to the ceremony the aspect of a church service, it certainly was strikingly incongruous. But to emphasize this incident is to miss the point. If the place is to be a force in behalf of good morals, there can be no objection if any man who believes that religion concerns every part of life expresses the religious motive that guides him in sanctioning the place. The question as to the good taste exhibited at a single ceremony is wholly secondary to the question whether the place itself, day in and day out, is to be a force for good morals or not.

The Subway Tavern is the first attempt, so far as we know, to apply the principles of the Earl Grey English public-house to American conditions. It has been established by a group of men, most of whom have been associated with the Citizens' Union of New York. In a letter to the chief detractor of the enterprise, the New York "Sun," Mr. Joseph Johnson, the originator of the plan and the president of the Subway Tavern Company, states in a phrase what may be accepted as his object—"to offer to the poor man a club." He declares that he shall be happy if others come to the tavern to "snatch the bibu-

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lous away from the bar into the pale of teetotalism," but that he shall be unhappy if they interfere with his work of "snatching the bibulous away from indecency, immorality, and depravity." And the question he is wrestling with he thus states:

> I have nothing but sympathy with the Christian and other societies that urge men not to drink at all. But again I ask, What is to become of the vast army that do drink? Must they drink drunk or drink sober? Must they drink in indecency or in wholesome environments? Must they drink in debauches or in sane and cheerful friendliness?

Those who believe that all drinking of whatever nature is morally wrong; that, whatever the surroundings, the act of drinking creates of itself an evil environment; that even the moderate use of alcoholic beverage is a form of debauch, will have nothing but disapprobation of this plan. For such to approve it would be to compromise with evil; and we agree heartily with them that compromise with evil is always wrong. But even such ought to recognize that there are thousands who do not share their convictions as to the evil of all drinking, and who therefore do not regard this experiment as a compromise with evil; and that among these thousands are men and women of alert and trained conscience. In the minds of these the question as to the merit of the experiment which Bishop Potter has sanctioned is to be answered by the fruits of that experiment. It will succeed in proportion as it meets the objections to the saloon, apart from those based on the assumption that all use of alcoholic beverage is wrong.

What are these objections? First, that the saloon provides indiscriminate use of distilled and fermented liquor. The greatest evils of intemperance have arisen since the introduction of distilled liquors and their widespread use as a beverage. The Subway Tavern is not pretending to make any distinction between the two; but by selling beer in the same place with "soft drinks," by making the price of beer proportionately lower than that of whisky and the like, and by providing a special luncheon counter where beer only is sold with soup and bread, it practically makes a distinction between the two which will probably have an effect in reducing intemperance. The second objection is that the saloon increases drinking between meals, which is admittedly unhygienic. The Subway Tavern meets this objection only indirectly, on the one hand by making a specialty of a working people's lunch hour, and on the other hand by providing in its "free lunch" good, wholesome food, not designed to "create a thirst," as in the case of most free lunches. In the third place, the saloon generally provides only for men. This objection may be applied to most clubs and is not necessarily to be taken with seriousness. Nevertheless, the Subway Tavern follows the example of several modern clubs in providing a separate room where women are admitted; it does not attempt to do what the German beer garden does in supplying a place where families may gather and spend an evening. In the fourth place, the saloon is interested in the increased sale of alcoholic drinks; for the sake of large profits the saloon-keeper is allied not with restraint, but with intemperance. The plan on which the Subway Tavern is managed does away with this objection; the profits on the capital are strictly limited to five per cent. As a consequence, the manager is interested not in increasing the quantity of liquor consumed, but in improving its quality and in protecting his patrons against adulterants which at the same time do immediate injury and provoke an unwholesome appetite. It is not necessary here to enumerate the details of this characteristic of the tavern; but to one who knows anything of the devices to which saloon-keepers commonly resort to make large profits, the elimination of large profits from this enterprise is manifestly of no small importance. The Subway Tavern has therefore one point of resemblance to the dispensary of the Gothenburg System. The most serious objection, however, to the ordinary saloon is its association with agencies of lawlessness and social disease. Almost every saloon is not only constantly breaking the law itself, but is a promoter of gambling, prostitution, black-

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mail, and disorder. The supporters of the Subway Tavern are determined to prove that a public bar-room can be maintained which at once answers the real, not supposed, needs and demands of the average man of the city, and conforms to law and public order.

It may seem ungracious to point out any obstacle in the way of the men who, foreseeing the criticism and even abuse which their action will call forth, have, with a spirit little short of heroic, undertaken to make this experiment successful; but, after all, no good can come of overlooking any difficulty. The Subway Tavern has been likened to the public-houses established by the Public-House Trust Association in England. There is one important distinction between them. In London the premises, not the proprietors, have been licensed, and the number has been limited. It is difficult to obtain a license without obtaining some house and business already in existence. Consequently, every public-house established by Earl Grey either takes the place of one that has been otherwise owned, or forestalls the establishment of a new public-house different in character; in other words, a house that is managed in the interest of order and restraint supplants one that is managed by self-interest and for the promotion of intemperance. In New York City there is no limit to the number of saloons. Consequently, the Subway Tavern is an addition to the saloons already existing. It must prevail over the others, if it prevails at all, not by force of monopoly, but by proving its superiority as an attraction for customers. The success of the English plan, which has heretofore been described in The Outlook (April 2, 1904), does not therefore indicate necessarily, or even probably, the success of the American plan. There are many who, with The Outlook, believe that the use of alcoholic beverages is a matter for regulation, not abolition. Some of these are already convinced that this experiment is neither wise nor feasible; others, and with them The Outlook, will suspend judgment on this New York undertaking, and will be ready to welcome any benefit which it may produce.

A Dramatic Invasion

The British troops are in Lhasa, the capital of Tibet. Whether they have any moral right to be there or any adequate political reason for destroying the ancient privacy of the Tibetans may be seriously questioned; but the success of Colonel Younghusband's expedition, or mission, as it is called, adds another to the many dramatic incidents in the Far East during the past few years. The British Ministry have explained that their purpose in sending an expedition to this ancient city is twofold: to establish closer trade relations and to compel the Tibetans to live up to their agreements. They deny any intention to occupy permanently the country, and they have expressed the suspicion that Russian influence has had much to do with the vexatious avoidance and negation of trade agreements with which they charge the Tibetans. In response to urgent appeals from Great Britain, Tibetan Commissioners met British Commissioners on the border of the country, but they seemed to possess neither the authority nor the willingness to make any satisfactory arrangements, and the British Ministry decided that a mission in force was the only method of bringing the Tibetans to terms.

The Outlook has reported from time to time the difficulties of this expedition, involving a march of three hundred miles from the Indian frontier, the entrance through precipitous passes of the most dangerous kind at a great elevation, and hard fighting above the snow line, on what has been called "the roof of the world." The British have met with determined but unsuccessful opposition on the part of the Tibetans, who, with their antiquated weapons and lack of organization and military training, had not even a fighting chance against the scientific warfare of the British. What the policy of the British Government will be now that the British flag is flying in Lhasa remains to be seen. There have been several instances in modern times in which governments have not fulfilled their original intention of retiring as soon as they had accomplished definite results. In fact, the withdrawal

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of the American forces from Cuba is one of the very few instances in which nations have been consistent in withdrawing from the possession of territory which they had once secured.

The significance of the unfurling of the British flag in the capital of Tibet is to be found in the dramatic evidence which it furnishes of the opening up of Asia to Western trade and influence. For centuries Tibet has been forbidden country. Scores of crafty and courageous men have perished in the endeavor to invade its privacy and discover what lay behind the closely guarded front which it presented to the world. It is thirteen hundred years since Lhasa was founded, but in that time, so far as records have been preserved, not more than twenty foreigners have been within the walls of the Tibetan capital, and most of these were Hindus. Several Englishmen have been in Tibet, but only one had ever seen Lhasa before the arrival of the British troops on August 3, and this Englishman was Thomas Manning, who entered Tibet in 1811, and, as a physician, performed some cures on Chinese troops and was allowed to accompany them to Lhasa, where he stayed several months. From that date until the present only two Europeans have been in Lhasa—French missionaries who were able to reach the city in disguise in 1844, and the story of whose adventures and privations is most fascinating and thrilling.

Not only has Tibet been shut off from the rest of the world by a system of espionage and of rigorous penalties so thoroughly and so consistently applied that the country has been protected by something far more impregnable than the Chinese wall, but it has been the center of a mysterious cult. The letting in of light and air by the rude hand of the Western invaders will show an empty shrine. There will probably continue to be communications from Mahatmas living in the solitudes of the Tibetan mountains, but no great new truth will reward the British explorers. The Grand Lama, who is said to have secluded himself in a monastery not far from the city, has escaped a mysterious fate which has cut off his predecessors in their early youth for many generations past, but no important mystery will be found in his keeping. Methods, systems, and craftsmanship are sometimes esoteric; truth is always diffusive and in the open, and the fall of Lhasa will dispel one of the last illusions that remain regarding the accumulation of hidden truths in sacred localities. The world becomes every day more and more an open field, and knowledge and experience tend steadily to be the capitalized possession of the whole race. The secret of Asia is not a secret of great truths or of a knowledge of life of which the West knows nothing; it is a secret of temperament, which has, as the result of centuries of seclusion, created a philosophy of deep interest, a theory of life radically different from that at which Western thought has arrived, and reached a point of view from which the West may take a fresh glimpse of the world in which it lives. The Crusaders barely touched the outskirts of the East; it has remained for the last century, and pre-eminently for this century, to bring the East and West together by breaking down the ancient reserve and opening the world to the free play of influences and of knowledge; and so to bring in a new era, one of the most notable facts of which will be the modification of Western thought by the East and the modification of Eastern thought and life by the West.

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War and Peace

One of the curious features of the present international situation in regard to armaments is the indisposition to increase war implements and military forces on any other ground than that of self-defense. No government in Europe would to-day dare to ask for increase of taxation for purposes of military conquest. No nation wants an army; and yet many nations are armed in a degree unknown before in the history of the modern world, because other nations are armed. It is a great mistake to imagine that, because the financial budgets of the Great Powers show almost annual increase in expenditures for the army and navy, therefore warlike feeling is growing, or that the love of peace has

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not gained ground, or that the horror of war does not deepen, year by year. England feels obliged to keep a navy afloat equal in power to the navy of any two other countries purely as a matter of self-defense. She increases her armament because Russia and Germany increase theirs, and she increases it under protest. Germany adds continually to her military resources, although there is not the slightest doubt that the Emperor desires peace. In this country the only ground on which people would tolerate the increased expenditure for the navy which has been made in recent years has been the ground of self-defense. The commerce of the country is so great, the possibilities of complication so many, and the armaments of the other nations of the first rank so large, that, so long as these conditions continue, the great majority of Americans, who hate war and who profoundly believe that the genius of America is peace, feel also that the country must have adequate protection, and have it ready at hand in case of any unexpected need. The world is in arms to-day under protest, each country keeping up its force because every other country keeps up its force.

Never before have there been so many marked movements looking toward permanent peace and the abolition of war as during the last five years. During the last few months an unprecedented number of treaties of arbitration and friendly settlements of difficulties have been made between the nations. France has made treaties of arbitration with England, Spain, Portugal, and Italy; England and France have cleaned the score, settled long-standing accounts, and provided for the future adjustment of most possible differences. Apparently the foremost desire, as it is certainly the chief activity, of the King of England is to put the relations of that country with all the Great Powers not only on a peaceful but on a thoroughly friendly and cordial footing. As a peacemaker Edward VII. is likely to hold a high rank in history; and no king has ever aspired to a better or more enduring fame. On this continent Chili and Argentina have settled a boundary dispute of long standing and of the most irritating character, and they have signalized their agreement by a monument of the most significant and striking character. A correspondent of a Southern newspaper reports that the frontier delineated by this new treaty is guarded, not by a line of fortresses, but by a statue of Christ!

This is the most significant symbol of peace, the most beautiful landmark, ever erected between two countries; and the Catholics of Chili and Argentina have set an example before the whole world by placing between them the figure of the Prince of Peace as a perpetual memorial of the friendship now established between them. If the figure of Christ, as an expression of profound feeling and conviction, could be placed on the boundary line of every country in Europe, a new chapter in the history of the world would be opened. That the beginnings of such a chapter are already being written is quite evident to one who reads the signs of the times with any degree of intelligence. Wars are not only being waged at this moment, but for some time to come they will continue to be waged; but the horror of them grows, the conviction that they are unnecessary deepens, the instances in which they are successfully avoided multiply; and the time may not be distant when Tennyson's vision of the furl ing of the battle-flags of the world may become a fact.

What Is Religion?

We publish on another page a letter from a correspondent which we commend to the careful consideration of every religious teacher, of pastors, Sunday-school teachers, and parents. For our religious teachers realize too little how fundamental are the questions which men are asking to-day. How futile it is for preachers to be discussing the metaphysics of the Trinity, when men in their community are doubting whether there is any personal God; or decrees, when men are uncertain whether there is any law except that which majorities make; or eternal punishment, when men doubt whether death does not end all; or the nature of the Atonement, when men question whether there is any

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forgiveness of sin; or whether inspiration is verbal or not, when men are questioning whether God has any voice with which to speak or men any ears with which to listen. We commend our clerical readers especially to ponder this letter with care, to believe that it reflects the mental perplexity of unnumbered thousands in America, and to consider by what kind of teaching they can meet the difficulties of such men, by what kind of illumination they can clear away the fog in which such men walk.

It would be easy but useless to point out specific errors into which our correspondent has fallen. What we wish rather to do is to put into his hand a clue which, if he follows it, may lead him out of the maze into the open. That clue may be expressed in a sentence, thus: There is a difference between knowing a person and knowing about a person. The Christian religion is acquaintance with God; it is not knowing about God. "I am come," says Jesus Christ, "that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly," and, "This is life eternal: that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." Not knowing about God, but knowing God, and the life which knowing God brings to the soul, is the Christian religion.

What is the difference between knowing God and knowing about God? It is very clear and very simple. An orphan grows up in an asylum. He has never known either father or mother. He goes out into the world, gets an education, works his way through college, takes a post-graduate course, becomes a professor of philosophy. In his department it is necessary to teach the nature of both parental and filial obligation. He studies both subjects and elucidates them by his lectures. He learns what motherhood involves, physically, intellectually, morally; and all this he teaches with great clearness. He knows about mother, but a mother's love he never knew. He knows about filial obligation, but the duties which filial obligation involves he has never been called upon to perform. The experience of childhood is not his. And the boy in the kindergarten has a knowledge of mother which the learned professor of moral philosophy never has had and never can have. Knowing about God is theology; knowing God is religion. A man may be a learned theologian, and know or think he knows all about God, his nature, his attributes, his government, and have no personal experience of fellowship with him; and, on the other hand, there are unnumbered thousands of devout Christian souls who have had the experience of God in their own lives, but who, were they asked, "How do you know there is a God?" could give no answer to the question.

It is very difficult to explain to one who has no experience of God what that experience means. Such explanation can be given only by imperfect analogies. How explain to a man born blind the world of forest and mountain and lake and tree and flower? How shall the artist explain to the non-artistic mind the beauty of a picture? The two stand before a simple landscape by Corot, a tree, a meadow, a brook, a single peasant figure, two cattle browsing in the grass; the non-artistic man says, "What does it all mean?" the artistic man replies, "It means beauty." He may dilate learnedly upon the composition and the coloring, but the non-artistic man cannot comprehend—having eyes he sees not. So it is well-nigh impossible for one who has a conscious experience of God in his own soul to explain to another what that experience means. But it is not difficult to indicate this "life of God in the soul of man" which constitutes religion by the results which it produces in life and character. These results are thus described by Paul:

"The fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." The Christian religion is such an acquaintance and fellowship with God as promotes in the soul this life of love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, and temperance.

If our correspondent can see clearly and grasp firmly this distinction between knowing God and knowing about God, he may be able to get from it some light on his other problems. Thus: It is

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not the object of the Bible to give us a knowledge about God; its object is to give us acquaintance with God. It is not a book of theology, it is a book of religion. It gives no definitions of God, no analysis of him, no catalogue of his attributes, no philosophical explanation of the principles of his government. It is not a scientific book, it is a book of experience; and it gives expression to every kind of experience of God—from the lowest to the highest, from the feeblest to the strongest, from the mere desire for him without knowing him, to a spiritual union with him and identification with him such as transcends all knowledge. Agnosticism may be as truly religious as faith, and much more truly religious than some forms of dogmatism. Such was the agnosticism of Job:

Oh that I knew where I might find him,
That I might come even to his seat!
. . . . . .
Behold, I go forward, but he is not there;
And backward, but I cannot perceive him:
On the left hand, when he doth work, but I cannot behold him:
He hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him.

This is agnosticism pure and simple. "You say," says the agnostic to the Christian, "that you see God; but I cannot see him; neither in nature, nor in history, nor in biography, nor in my own personal experience; therefore I cannot be religious." To whom the Bible replies, "If you want to see him, if in your inability you can truly say, 'Oh that I knew where I might find him, that I might come even to his seat!' you are religious—as religious as Job. The desire for God, though God is unknown, is religion; and it is as truly religion, though we do not say as high a type of religious experience, as that intimacy of acquaintance with God that enables one to say with Paul, "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

If our correspondent will get rid entirely of the notion that the Bible is a book which aims to give accurate and trustworthy information about God, and will realize that it is the story of the lives of men who were groping after God, wishing to find God, trying to understand God, and coming in various degrees of knowledge of him and fellowship with him, he will find many if not most of his difficulties about the interpretation of the Bible removed.

Prayer is not asking for things and getting them; it is spiritual fellowship with the All-Father. Doubtless we may ask God for things, and may sometimes get them and sometimes not. It has been well said that No! is an answer to prayer as truly as Yes! The sublimest prayer in human history is that of Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane, "If thou be willing, remove this cup from me;" but the cup was not removed from him. But prayer is more than asking for gifts of any kind. A boy asks his father for a nickel to ride to school. Monday his father gives it to him; Tuesday his father says, "No—run along to school; the exercise will do you good." The father answers the prayer on Tuesday no less than on Monday. At night the boy sits down with his father before the open fire and tells him the story of the day—of his studies, his plays, his temptations, his struggles, his defeats, his victories. He asks for nothing; his father scarcely says anything; the boy talks himself out to a sympathizing spirit stronger than his own, and in so doing gets a comfort from the past and a strength for the future, and goes to his bed refreshed by what has almost been a monologue. This is a far higher type of prayer than asking for the nickel; this is a far higher answer to prayer than either the giving or the withholding of the nickel. Prayer is talking to God and listening to God. Asking for things is the poorest phase of prayer.

Jesus Christ has not come into the world to give us a knowledge about God, a definition of God, a description of God, an analysis of God's character, a catalogue of God's attributes. Christ, living himself in fellowship with God, has come to bring us into fellowship with God. The life that Jesus Christ lived is the divine life. Love, joy,

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peace, and the other fruits of the spirit, as Paul gives them, mean the kind of love he showed to men and women on the earth; the kind of joy he had, who was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, and yet whose last gift to his disciples was, "My joy I give unto you, that your joy may be full;" the kind of peace which he possessed, who stood calm and unmoved while surrounded by the howling mob. Interpreting faith in the divinity of Christ in the terms of experience, we mean that he is the supreme object of our reverence and affection, that we can conceive of no one who deserves a profounder reverence, a more consecrating love; we mean that we will follow him, seeking above all things else to possess his life, to continue his work, to share his experience, and to possess ourselves such fruits of the spirit as he possessed.

We advise our correspondent, and any readers who may find their own experiences reflected in our correspondent's letter, to set before themselves as the object of their life what Job in his agnosticism set before himself—"Oh that I knew where I might find him, that I might come even to his seat;" to go to the Bible for the purpose of finding men animated by that same desire and pursuing that same quest in all the various stages of seeming success or failure; in prayer to seek, not something from God, but fellowship with God; and, above all, to take the life of Christ as the pattern, the character of Christ as the expression, and the person of Christ as the object of their worshipful adoration and affection. They may not thus find their way to a system of theology which is free from doubt, but they will find their way to what is far better, the life which is inspired by seeking after God and by personal acquaintance with him.

Impressions of a Careless Traveler

Some Southern Impressions

IN reading these impressions of a careless traveler, the reader should remember two facts. First, that an impression depends as much on the character of the person impressed as on the scene producing the impression. The same incident, mingled with the feeling and the imagination of the observer, produces very different impressions on different observers. It is only as they compare these different impressions, get each other's different points of view, correct each other's partialisms and errors, that the truth is elucidated. First impressions are always partial, generally fleeting, often erroneous. The reader is not to look in this note-book—for these letters are nothing else—for accuracy of observation, still less for carefulness of reflection. They only attempt in a very fragmentary and impressionistic fashion to make friendly and uncritical readers companions of a trip across the continent, such as is taken every year by thousands of tourists bent on pleasure or business, or, as in my case, on the two combined. The trip, as planned, is from New York to San Francisco by the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway to Louisville, by the Illinois Central Railroad from Louisville to New Orleans, and by the Southern Pacific from New Orleans to San Francisco, with stoppages *en route*.

The ride on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad from Charlottesville, Virginia, to the Kentucky border impresses one with a truth which the Socialist who wants government to own and operate the railroads seems to me prone to forget, namely, the value to the country of the initiation involved in individual enterprise. Some one, I do not know who, saw in the magnificent natural harbor at Newport News an opportunity for a great shipping port which a direct railroad across the mountains of Virginia and West Virginia would bring into direct relations with the great grain fields of the West; the railroad would also open up to industry the unused

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mineral deposits of West Virginia. Seeing this possibility, and getting others also to see it, was the first step—for in such enterprises the first step is always taken by a man of visions whom his less far-seeing contemporaries call visionary. The money was secured from enterprising capitalists who were willing to take risks; the railroad was built; Newport News was converted from nothing into a commercial port of considerable size and greater significance; the mountains of western Virginia were opened, and industry was provided for a large mining population. Save for this mining population this mountain region is a wilderness, and a wilderness it must have remained if enterprise had not conceived and constructed this highway which itself has helped to create the needs it serves. No State could have built this road; the Nation could not have built it. The State neither can nor ought to go into speculative enterprises; and yet it is just such speculative enterprises as this which have made America a pioneer among the nations of the earth and given to it its unexampled wealth and industrial prosperity.

At Louisville we had to wait for an hour and a half in a dimly lighted, not over-clean, and decidedly unventilated station, which appeared to me to be about half a century behind the times. In looking about for some more comfortable quarters for the ladies of my party than I had found, I stumbled into a room which was less crowded and better ventilated than the one they were in; there was, I think, only one person, a woman thickly veiled, occupying it. I started for the feminine members of my party to bring them hither, when, luckily, I discovered over the door the legend, "Sitting Room for Colored Ladies." Where the colored gentlemen belonged I did not discover; possibly with the white gentlemen in the general public room. This little incident tended to confirm the impression which travel some years ago in Virginia and the Carolinas had given me, that the accommodation for negroes, at least in many quarters in the South, is as good as for the whites; that the offense lies, not in the inadequacy of the provision for them, but in the enforced separation. I had occasion the next morning to go through our train, the New Orleans Limited, on the Illinois Central, and in so doing stumbled into the "Jim Crow Car." It was as comfortable as any car on the train, except the Pullmans, and in one respect more comfortable, in that it was less crowded. I am told that such is the rule in this section, and that often one end of the same car is used for negroes when the train is going North and the other end for the negroes when it is going South. At the station where we stopped to change to a local train there were two sitting-rooms, one for whites, the other for blacks, and absolutely no difference in comfort, size, or convenience between them. Unfortunately, this is not always the case; but where it is, there seems to me little practical injustice in the separation of the races. Indeed, I am told that some of the best colored men approve it, because before the separation was made their women were not safe from insult from "lewd fellows of the baser sort." It is true that the separation sometimes compels a cultivated colored man or woman to be herded with rough, ragged, and dirty traveling companions; but is it not also true that not infrequently on Southern and Western roads, where there is no Pullman, the white man sometimes finds himself compelled to submit to no more agreeable companionship? Personally, I believe it would be well if all our trains carried first and second class carriages, as they generally do in England and on the Continent. The man or woman, white or colored, who could afford to ride first class would be able to do so, and such a one, whatever his race, would rarely prove to be an offensive occupant of a car.

Some seven miles or so north of Jackson, Mississippi, is Tougaloo University, one of the best schools for negroes in the South. Here we spent Sunday. The history of this school indicates the kind of work which philanthropy has done in the South, not merely for the negro but for the entire community. The Constitution of Mississippi of 1868 provided on

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paper for a system of public schools; but it was apparent that it could not at once provide the necessary teachers. The American Missionary Association, which had prior to that time been doing a work of primary education in the South, prepared at once to meet the new exigency produced by the creation of the public-school system; purchased a Southern mansion which had been built just before the war, about seven miles from Jackson; and began a boarding-school for negroes of both sexes, the title of which indicated its purpose—"Tougaloo Normal and Manual Training School." I am sorry that it did not keep that title, for though it is now chartered by the State and grants degrees, the number of its college graduates is very small, and it is a university in name only. But its work for its pupils is not its only work—hardly its greatest work. In 1868 the region, as one who was a student in those early days described it, "was like heathen Africa and the densest jungle in it." The religious services, to quote from another historian of those days of the school, were often interfered with "by the sound of profane brawls in the 'quarters' an eighth of a mile away; and drunkenness and fighting were all too common." All this is changed. The whole community, not only in the vicinity, but in all that part of the State, has felt the influence of the school; one of its graduates is the President of the State Agricultural College for Negroes; others are at work in various parts of the State as teachers, or in industrial pursuits, or as preachers. From the first, agriculture, blacksmithing, mason work, and carpentering, for the boys, and needlework and cooking for the girls, have been among the required studies in the school, in which throughout its history the literary and the industrial have been closely co-related. From almost the first, also, the indorsement and support of the people in the vicinity have been secured for it. For a time it regularly received appropriations from the State Legislature, which were not finally discontinued until the new Constitution forbade all such appropriations to schools under denominational control; and although this school is not denominational in its aims and purposes, it is under the direction and control of a Congregational society. It has an average of a little over two hundred boarding pupils, and somewhat more day pupils, though both come and go as the season alternately offers or withholds opportunities for productive industry. As I spoke this morning in the chapel to an audience of as eagerly attentive listeners as I ever addressed in my life, I wished that I were a millionaire to give this school something of that endowment which it sorely needs, and of which there is abundant evidence that it would make good use. Conducted as this institution is, its effect is to bind the white and black races together in the bonds of a mutual respect and good feeling, and North and South together by serving, at least indirectly, to make each understand the other better than it otherwise could.

The race problem is difficult enough at the best, but its difficulty seems to me seriously increased by prejudices and misapprehensions which are or ought to be curable. The South does not understand the North; the North does not understand the South; and the white and colored races very imperfectly understand each other. Judging from my recent experience in Boston, a great many people, who have only impressions of facts, have supposed that what is called the "understanding clause" of the new Constitution of Mississippi was contrived to exclude from the suffrage negroes, although they can read and write, by requiring them also to understand the Constitution. Such a provision would of course leave the registrars practically unlimited power to exclude applicants on the ground that their understanding of the Constitution is not correct. In fact, the famous "understanding clause" of the new Constitution reads as follows: The applicant "shall be able to read any section of the constitution of the State; *or* he shall be able to understand the same when read to him, *or* give a reasonable interpretation of the same." It is perfectly clear that under this clause the

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registrars have no constitutional authority to exclude any voter if he can read. It is also clear from the political history of Mississippi that this clause has been used to admit negroes who cannot read, for in a registration taken shortly after the adoption of this Constitution in one section of the State, including several counties, 1,064 illiterate negroes were admitted to vote, against 1,054 illiterate whites. In fact, the census would itself indicate that the effect of this provision, if honestly administered, would be to open a way to vote for a larger ratio of intelligent negroes who could not read than of non-reading whites, since less than eight per cent. of the white people are unable to read and over fifty per cent. of the negroes.

The practical difference of opinion between the North and the South on the subject of education for the negro is much less than the political and editorial discussions seem to indicate. When at New Orleans I received the following anonymous letter:

> Perhaps during Dr. Abbott's stay in the South it would be well for him to look into the *race problem*. An interview with Mrs. Murphy or Frances Joseph might make him understand some things he knows *little* of.

This letter contained a newspaper slip giving some account of a combined literary and industrial work for negroes carried on by some Southern ladies, the distinctive characteristics of which, the writer said, were these: that the race was being educated practically and industrially for life work; that the education was being carried on in Southern fashion by white teachers; and that the object of the education was to make the negroes self-governing. When this was accomplished, the writer added, they should be sent to some colony and given a chance to take care of themselves. This was printed in a Southern newspaper as a true description of a Southerner's ideal and a Southern work in realizing it. Now, in every respect but one this is the Northerner's ideal. In the two "universities" for negroes I have visited on this trip, industrial education is compulsory, and college education, in any sense of the term, is confined to a very few; Tougaloo University has less than a dozen college students, and Straight University this year I believe has not any. In both universities, and in most schools established by Northerners in the South, most of the teachers are white, and for the same reason alleged by the Southern writer of this paragraph, because there are not yet sufficient numbers of colored teachers to act as leaders in the educational development of the race. And the end of the education is to make the negroes industrially and politically self-governing. As to colonization, that is mathematically impossible. To colonize 8,000,000 people is to require that 160 ships, each capable of carrying 1,000 passengers, should set sail from Southern ports every week for a year. How many it would take simply to prevent the increase of the population the reader can calculate for himself. To deport the intelligent and energetic, who alone could make a colony successful, would be to leave the unintelligent and unenergetic on our soil, and would simply aggravate our burden.

I hear in the North that the South is opposed to the education of the negro; and I have occasionally read editorials in Southern newspapers which seem to justify that supposition. But I have yet to meet a single Southerner who so expresses himself. In this matter, as in most matters, Southern newspapers, like Northern newspapers, have abandoned the attempt to lead the people, and have undertaken the easier and perhaps more pecuniarily profitable endeavor to express the sentiments of their readers; and as in both sections there are a great many more people who are able to read than are willing to take the trouble to think, the press reflects more careless prejudice than it does thoughtful conclusions, and represents more nearly the rear of the procession than its advance guard, or even its advanced third. Southerners criticise the education that has been given to the negroes, and with justice. They are practically unanimous in desiring for the negroes primary and industrial education; they criticise or condemn the higher education. And yet, when I have said that the negroes, as a

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race, must live their separate lives, in their separate schools and churches and communities, and therefore must have their preachers and teachers and lawyers and doctors, and these must be educated men or they will be blind leaders of the blind, I have yet to meet a Southern man who has not cordially assented to the conclusion. The women, worried beyond all endurance by the domestic question, are not quite as ready to accept that conclusion—at least such is my impression.

When I try to imagine myself belonging to the negro race, I feel quite sure that I should prefer to live in the South rather than in the North. In either section I should have to meet more or less prejudice—but prejudice more intense and more galling in the North than in the South. In either section the tragedy in the life of a cultivated negro, especially in the life of a cultivated negro woman, can be nothing less than terrible, especially if she be what I may call a white negro, of whom many are to be seen. The man, if he be brave, can endure it. But who can contemplate the life of such a cultivated white negro woman and not feel the profoundest sympathy for her? She enjoys art, music, literature, she has all the aspirations and ideals of her white parentage, developed by an education which has given her the mental and moral graces of culture; and yet she is shut out by an impalpable but impassable barrier from all cultivated society. She cannot ride in the same car, nor sit in the same room, nor share in the same life with those whose tastes and aspirations she really shares. Intellectually she belongs in the cultivated class; she is condemned to find her associates in a class as yet generally uncultivated, or to live a wholly lonely life. It is the not unfamiliar tragedy of a lonely leader, but written in its most dramatic and tragic terms. But the sorrow of it cannot be cured by legislation, nor by agitation. Legislation and agitation will but aggravate the sorrow. It cannot be cured for the negro race by the white race. It can be cured only by patient endurance and heroic endeavor. Little by little, education will add to the number of educated and cultivated negroes. Little by little they will amass property and acquire that degree of respect which in this country is paid to property-owners. Gradually the loneliness will lessen as the number of intelligent and cultivated negroes is increased. Gradually the social prejudice will disappear, leaving only the race demarcation, which is not necessarily inconsistent with mutual respect.

L. A.

August

By Edith Livingston Smith

The summer folds its hands with sense of rest,
An emblem of old age that sits in peace
O'ershadowed by its noonday warmth and bloom
That deeds sown early reaped in rich increase.
Long are her dreams of spring when leaf was green,
Of burning struggle and of tender rain,
And now, repose—God's benediction smile—
And glimpse beyond of harvest fields of grain.

When age comes on to parch my growth of years,
May, also, I be calm in life's content;
Secure the blossoms of my days have reached
Nearer the sky because of past strength spent;
God of all times, give me of summer's peace,
That promises of spring shall be fulfilled;
When autumn comes I pray my deeds may fall
To nourish earth as thou in wisdom willed.

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The Stock Yards Strike

Competitive Wages and the Right to Live

By William Hard and Ernest Poole

"HOW would you fix a fair wage if it were left to you? How would you attempt to prove that 18½ cents an hour is too high a wage for unskilled labor if you were arguing before an arbitration committee?"

The man to whom these questions were addressed is the general manager of one of the big packing companies. He looked out from his window over the cinder-pelted, smoke-fondled, ordure-laden prospect, and said:

"Every morning at that gate there are hundreds of men who are willing to perform unskilled labor for less than 18½ cents an hour. Many of those men are willing to take even 15 cents an hour. Companies like the Illinois Steel Company and the Harvester Company are paying about 15 cents an hour. I should say that 15 cents an hour at the present time was just about the market rate. It is unfair to ask us to pay more than the market rate. When the union demands 18½ cents an hour for unskilled labor, it is bucking the law of supply and demand."

The interviewer was puzzled. "If wages are to be fixed by the law of supply and demand, why have a union?"

The general manager smiled. He did not mean to attack unions. The unions, he thought, were the men's megaphones for shouting their interpretation of the law of supply and demand so loud that the employers would not be able to go below it. The interviewer suggested that the men, on the other hand, regarded their unions as levers for prying up the law of supply and demand. The general manager smiled again.

"But suppose," said the interviewer, "that the men should ignore the law of supply and demand. Suppose that they should say that 18½ cents an hour was the lowest wage at which a man could buy a decent living. The average number of hours of work provided for unskilled labor during an average week is forty. Forty hours at 18½ cents an hour is $7.40. To ask a man to live on less than $7.40 a week is to ask him to subject himself, his wife, and his children to conditions under which no democratic society can expect to produce healthy and intelligent voters. Would you attempt to meet this argument? Would you attempt to prove that the packers were not paying dividends large enough to justify 18½ cents an hour? Would you attempt to prove that decent living conditions were possible at less than 18½ cents an hour? Or would you tell the arbitrators that the whole argument was irrelevant and did not deserve answering?"

"I don't think," said the general manager, "that we should regard an argument based on profits and living conditions as a proper argument for an arbitration committee to consider."

The interviewer felt the dove of peace was rapidly moulting one of its finest feathers. "What will become, then, of arbitration? You talk about the law of supply and demand. The men talk about profits and living conditions. Those two lines of argument could be extended a million miles without crossing or even converging. What is there left to do except fight?"

"You have said it," said the general manager.

As the interviewer threw his mind back over the arbitration history of Chicago, he couldn't help thinking that perhaps he really had said it. What body of principles has arbitration succeeded in establishing for the determination of wages? The Chicago Board of Arbi-

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tration was blazoned to the country as Chicago's greatest achievement in the struggle toward industrial peace. This board consisted of seven employers and seven trade-union officials, all representing the teaming business. Its jurisdiction expanded with its fame till it was called upon to settle industrial disputes which lay altogether outside the teaming business.

"Did we have a body of principles for the determination of wages?" said Frank Ray, business agent of the commission wagon drivers and a member of the Board. "No, we never worked up any big principles. The fellows that came before the Board never gave us any good, broad facts about the cost of living. Now, how can you fix wages without facts of that kind? The only real stuff that we ever really considered was the wages paid in other trades and in other cities. We never tried to decide whether the wages paid in other trades and cities were just."

"But didn't you arrive at decisions which were fairly satisfactory?"

"We did. But that was because we fixed our decisions so as to suit circumstances and not so as to suit scientific principles. If the union had shown up pretty strong, we gave them a large part of what they asked. If the employer had got the union pretty well beaten, it didn't seem right not to throw things his way. Besides, there was a lot of give and take fixed beforehand by the combine between some of the employers and some of the business agents. I remember once when I had spent a long time examining a witness I was taken to one side of the room by one of the business agents, and he said to me, 'Look here, Ray, why do you waste your time on questions? Wait for the decision. What do we care for questions? The decision's where we'll fix him.'"

To F. G. Hartwell, of the Hartwell Coal Company, an employer member of the Board, we addressed the following question:

"Did you assume that wages ought to increase at an exactly equal rate with the cost of living—in other words, that the workingman's income ought to remain always at the same distance below the employer's income? Or did you assume that this distance has been in the past too wide, and ought to be slowly narrowed as business conditions permit?"

Mr. Hartwell expostulated. "What do you think we were? We did not go into things as deep as that!"

There is in Chicago a labor reporter who is sought out for information and consultation by the biggest labor leaders of America when they happen to be in town. He was at one time connected with the Illinois State Board of Arbitration. The strategic position which he now holds is as unique as it is creditable. Every big Chicago strike feels his influence not only as a reporter but as an impartial adviser.

"Arbitration?" said Luke Grant. "I'm not getting out the comic supplement. But if you want my opinion, I will give you one of the rules that I once wrote for the benefit of arbitrators. 'Smoke five cigars, split the difference—and call in the reporters.' That's what arbitrators are always doing. And when their decision isn't a compromise, it's apt to be a wise guess at the fighting strength each side has shown. Arbitration in Chicago has established practically no body of principles."

Coming from principles to instances, there was once in the stock yards itself an arbitration case which seriously and, to a great extent, unreasonably influenced the attitude taken toward arbitration by the workingmen.

The stock yards engineers had struck for 37½ cents an hour, and eight hours a day. The three arbitrators, who were all ministers, gave them 30 cents and twelve hours. This meant better working conditions than they had been having, but worse than their fellows were having in other parts of the city. They thereupon declared that they would never again choose three ministers to constitute an arbitration committee. In the face of this feeling, the three ministers were unfortunate enough to send in a bill for services rendered which amounted to $1,000 apiece. The men voted to give them 30 cents an hour—an arrangement which gave each minister $14.40.

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It is true that there was once an Arbitration Board in Chicago which thoroughly investigated both living conditions and the profits of the employer. This Board is regarded by Luke Grant as, on the whole, the most satisfactory Board that Chicago has ever had. It met to settle the quarrel which took place two years ago between the Union Traction Company and its employees.

"Our decision," said Wallace Heckman, who represented the Union Traction Company on the Board, "put the price of labor slightly above the point which would have been fixed by the law of supply and demand. The reason for this was that the cost of living had gone up a little."

"What weight did you allow the financial condition of the company?"

"Personally, I allowed it almost none. I would rather regard wages as fixed charges."

So, although the cost of living was carefully considered, the company's profits were not admitted by its representative to influence the decision.

Except in isolated cases, it is clear that arbitration so far is a straddle rather than a science. Being a straddle, it can be applied only when the struggle has proceeded to the point where a referee is needed for the announcement of a decision. If it were a science, each decision would help to construct methods and principles on which future decisions could be based. Assuming that a fresh start must be made, let us see how the packers' law of supply and demand would help us along.

First, it should be remarked that the consideration of labor as humanity and not as equipment is naturally irksome to the men who have put their indubitable genius into the conduct of the packing industry.

These men have constructed a machine so enormous, so complicated, so delicate, so interdependent, that the slightest derangement means to them not only financial loss, but—what is equally serious—a disturbance of mental equipoise. The agony to which they are subjected when they see their machine put temporarily out of gear by the intrusion of labor difficulties reveals not only the financier intent upon dividends, but the artist intent upon perfection.

"What would you think," said a superintendent, "if you had been in my place yesterday? I was about to promote a man from a $2 a day position to one in which he would earn $2.50. I made my selection. The union steward told me that I had been unjust. Why? I had passed over a man who had been a long time in the service of the company for one who was a quicker worker. The steward insisted that length of service should determine promotion. I stood out for efficiency. The men overheard the dispute and stopped working. It was fifteen minutes before I could get them quieted down again. Fifteen minutes! Just think of it. The whole department out of the game for fifteen minutes! What will become of my weekly average of output if this keeps up?"

A similar but intenser feeling was discovered in the course of a conversation with the president of one of the largest of the companies. This man is socially a valuable asset to the industry of America, and personally a magnificent type of effective commercial engineer, instant in comprehension, unswerving in action, capable of forcing every fiber of himself into full play in any direction at any time. When he is in operation he is a spectacle worth a large admission fee.

"Three years ago," he said, "my output for June was 30 per cent. larger than it was this year, and" (as he consulted a mass of tabulations) "my payroll was ten per cent. smaller. The men have handed me a long list of the amounts of work which my several types of employees may do each day. And at that I tell you there are fewer things that they will do than that they won't. They won't allow me to hire men except under certain regulations. And they won't allow me to promote men except under certain regulations. No man can serve two masters. I am master here. I am willing to pay market rates for my labor, and then I expect labor to do what I tell it to do as long as it is on my property. And as for market rates, I tell you labor cannot buck the fundamental law of supply and demand."

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What grade of supply do the packers need for their unskilled labor?

A month ago we stood with a superintendent in a room of his canning department. Down both sides of a long table stood twenty immigrant women; most of them were visibly middle-aged and mothers. "Look at that Slovak woman," said the superintendent. She stood bending slightly forward, her dull eyes staring straight down, her elbows jerking back and forth, her hands jumping in nervous haste to keep up with the gang. These hands made one simple, precise motion each second, 3,600 an hour, and all exactly the same. "She is one of the best workers we have," the superintendent was saying. We moved closer and glanced at her face. Then we saw a strange contrast. The hands were swift, precise, intelligent. The face was stolid, vague, vacant. "It took a long time to pound the idea into her head," the superintendent continued, "but when this grade of woman once absorbs an idea she holds it. She is too stupid to vary. She seems to have no other thoughts to distract her. She is sure as a machine. For much of our work this woman is the kind we want. Her mind is simply all on the table."

"In the big plants most of the workers don't use their heads," said a small independent packer. "I can show this by contrasting my small plant with their big ones. I have only 350 men; I call only 30 per cent. unskilled; I depend on each man to use his head. But a big house employs 5,000 men; depends less and less on the individual man and more and more on the system; 70 per cent. of their men are called unskilled, and are simply worked like machines."

Already out of 22,000 meat workers in Chicago some 15,000 are classed unskilled, and most of them are foreigners. Already 2,000 workers are women, and most of these, too, are foreigners.

From central Europe, from the poorest parts of Bohemia, Poland, Lithuania, and Slovania, these immigrants have poured in great overlapping waves into the stock yards. The standard of living of each wave rises slowly, constantly sucked down by the lower standards of the waves behind. The Bohemians, here ten years, live the best; the Poles and Lithuanians, who came next, live lower; and the Slovaks, who came last, live lowest of all. The most recent comers of the three latter races by their housing and food and habits show best how the law of supply and demand works here to lower a community's standard of living. In scores of houses in Packingtown you may find a double quota of boarders, one shift sleeping at night, the other shift, who do night work, using the same beds in the daytime.

"I have never had a child come to me for treatment," said a local doctor, "who has not had enlarged glands of the neck. These glands are meant to absorb poisonous matter. These little children live in homes so foul and overcrowded they take in so much poison that their glands are overworked. They suffer, too, from under-feeding and hence anæmia. In the blood of a healthy person the 'count' should be between 85 and 95. Among my patients I rejoice at finding a count of 50. I have found it as low as 28."

In such homes it is hard for family life to keep wholesome and pure. "Any man who has a family of little children here," said a Polish doctor, "simply cannot keep it alive on the un-American wage of six or seven dollars a week, especially since the cost of living is rising so high. To keep the home alive on such a wage the mother, too, must work in the yards, and sometimes she not only works by day, but comes home at night to cook for the six boarders who are crowded with the family into the small four or five room flat. With no money for wholesome recreation, and with the home so overcrowded with boarders, it is natural enough that drinking is so heavy, and that in many cases immigrant wives and daughters grow inured to sexual immorality—or rather unmorality." The moral is—don't have families.

At least one-half of the Poles never become citizens, but go back to Poland in two years' time. Last Sunday morning we saw a crowd of fifty men and women—Lithuanians, Slovaks, and Poles

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—starting for the old country. The bank official who acted as their ticket agent told us, "We average a crowd of sixty a week—3,000 a year. Most of them are unmarried men who have lived here two years in crowded boarding-houses, and by so living have saved $200 apiece."

"What! save $200 on $7 a week?"

"Yes," he answered, "by living packed four or five in a room, by raising no family, by becoming so little Americanized that although they have been here two years our agent must pack them on this special trolley and bill them through like freight to the old-country village."

Almost as illiterate as their parents are hundreds of the immigrant children who are growing up in Packingtown. These hundreds go to foreign schools to be taught smatterings of learning by foreign teachers from foreign text-books. Until one year ago they were put to work when ten or eleven years old in the stock-yard factories.

We have given now the lowest standards of Packingtown living. These standards are widespread. They include 3,000 of the 4,000 Slovak laborers, and at least one-half of the 10,000 Poles and Lithuanians. Such is the inevitable result of the law of supply and demand, when 60 per cent. of the work demands unintelligent labor, and when poorest Europe stands ready to supply it.

But there are other standards here. Even among these recent immigrants at least one-third have forced their standards slowly up, while among the Bohemians the proportion is much larger. Through the labor union they have helped to pass the Child Labor Law and are sending their children to American kindergartens and schools. They themselves have learned to speak English. Their cottages have been freshly painted. Their wives do not work in the factory, but are caring for their children at home. To keep their wives at home the husbands must have higher wages. Hence these more progressive immigrants have been most active in the labor unions. Partly through the unions and partly through gaining more skill and greater efficiency their wages have risen from five or six dollars a week to seven or eight.

They have thrown off their old-time fear of the foremen and superintendents. "It was a queer feeling," said one leader of the girls' union, "when a committee of us girls went in first to see our superintendent. It felt queer to see him take his feet off the table and get up and offer us chairs. I never saw him do this before." The men, since the unions were formed, have felt the same change of attitude in their bosses.

Outside the union, through the Polish National Alliance, the Lithuanian National Society, and other progressive organizations, these more Americanized immigrants are beginning to think in politics. Their societies strongly support the labor union. "We want no more of our people to come here and work for such wages," said an officer of the Polish Alliance; "they are better off at home. If wages here can be made high enough to give a decent American living, and if then the industry here so grows that more laborers are needed, then let more immigrants come in. But as it is, they are better passed on to the Polish farms in the West. This we are already attempting through our Bureau of Information."

The Americans of German and Irish descent have still higher standards of living. These are the men who are being crowded out by the foreigners, or else pulled down to their standards of living. Their growing desire for better living may be seen in the story of Maggie Congdon.

"It ain't for yourselves, girls; it's for them that's got to come after you." She used to say this to some of the girls who worked with her in the meat-canning factory—a long, dark room, full of clouds of steam, where the girls stood up at long tables and raced on the piece system, sometimes twelve hours a day. At night Maggie gathered twenty-five of them in a small tenement room. It was named the Maude Gonne Club, after the Irish heroine. They had songs and dances there, and sometimes Maggie used to read things to them. She read a good deal by herself, and studied hard at

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night. She was saving up to get a piano. She felt that the club would be a greater success if the girls were not so worn out at night, and if they could get higher wages. She was the inspiration of the new girls' union. The ones before had been only failures. She worked at night to help in organizing this union; and from overwork and from the clouds of steam she took consumption. But she kept on working at the canning bench all day and organizing at night. In the last months she lay in her bed, and there, when new recruits were brought to her, she would lie for hours eagerly giving them the first simple principles of unionism. So the work went on. At last the union became a powerful reality. And then Maggie Congdon died.

This disposition on the part of the people of Packingtown to "buck the fundamental law of supply and demand" for the benefit of those who will come after them represents their contribution to the science of arbitration. As their weapon against the law of supply and demand they use the law of "decent" living conditions.

They would go further. They would insist that the financial condition of the employer should be considered in the determination of wages, and that wages ought to be advanced not only above the law of supply and demand, but even above the law of decent living conditions, in case improved machinery and increased prosperity made such an advance possible.

Arbitration cannot become a science till it has done something to reconcile the two points of view above outlined, and to establish a consistent body of principles governing questions like these:

I. What weight should be given to the law of supply and demand? How much should the men out of work and willing to work at almost any price be allowed to influence the wages of the men still at work? How far should the immigrant be allowed to pull down American wages?

II. What weight should be given to the wages paid in other cities and in other trades? How far should wages in Chicago be regulated by the fact that the workingman in another city is a slave and in a third city a prince?

III. What weight should be given to the cost of living? Should wages merely keep pace with the cost of living? Or should it be admitted that the workingman's income has in the past been too far below the employer's, and that the distance between the two should be lessened as business conditions will permit?

IV. Ought profits always to be considered? Ought wages to be a fixed charge, or should labor share in all prosperity?

Till arbitration has found reasonably sufficient answers to these questions, it will remain what it is to-day—a diplomatic means of concluding peace after a struggle, instead of a scientific method of so fixing wages on recognized principles as to make future struggle unnecessary.

Chicago Stock Yards.

The Wind in the Street

By Clinton Scollard

You meet me at the corner, O blue breath of the morning,
And straight, as though on falcon-flight, I mount and am away
To where the heights and dales are spread for summer's green adorning
Beneath the evanescent gold of day.

I have flung off the coil and moil; the swirl of striving faces
Is as a vision vanishing before the burst of dawn;
Into the haunts of old delight, the wild and woodsy places,
My spirit, as in rapture, is withdrawn.

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War by Prearrangement

By George Kennan

Special Correspondent for The Outlook in the Far East

IF the reports of General Kuroki and Admiral Togo with regard to military and naval operations on the Yalu and off Port Arthur have been published in full in the United States, American readers must have been struck by the frequent repetition of the words "as prearranged." Every strategic maneuver of the first Japanese army, from Anju to Fengwhang, was described in the official reports as "prearranged," and the same word was used again and again by Admiral Togo in his accounts of the naval operations off Port Arthur, Port Adams, and Nanshan.

I have recently had an opportunity to see what Japanese "prearrangement" means, and inasmuch as the secret of Japanese success, both at sea and on land, seems to me to lie in this one word, or in the perfectly organized and wonderfully efficient system that it connotes, I purpose, in this and a subsequent letter, to give some account of Japanese "prearrangement," or preparation for hostilities, in the important field of naval warfare.

Six days ago I received, through the American Legation in Tokyo, an invitation from the Japanese Government to take part in an expedition that it had organized to visit its military and naval bases on the coasts of Japan, Korea, and Manchuria. The plan, as outlined in the invitation, was that we should sail Sunday, June 12th, on the transport Manshu-maru from the naval station of Yokosuka; proceed by way of Kobe to the naval station and great gun foundry of Kure, on the Inland Sea; visit the naval base of Sasebo, on the island of Kiushiu, a short distance north of Nagasaki, and then proceed to Korea. On the Korean coast it was proposed to make stops of three or four days each at Chemulpo and Chinampo, in order to give us time to visit Seoul, the Korean capital, and the city of Pingyang. With regard to the movements of the steamer beyond Chinampo no information was furnished, but it was unofficially stated, by Japanese who were in a position to know, that the excursion would occupy a month or six weeks, that the Manshu-maru would take us eventually to the Liaotung peninsula, and that an opportunity would probably be given us to see the final assault on Port Arthur. Accompanying the invitation was a name-list of the persons who had been asked to go—Japanese noblemen or high officials, foreign naval attachés, and war correspondents—and appended thereto were the rules that had been framed for the regulation and control of the passengers generally, and of the war correspondents in particular. Among the more important of these rules were: (1) that no photographs should be taken at naval stations or in the war zone; (2) that no passenger should leave the ship without permission; and (3) that all letters must be mailed open. As these regulations, or conditions of acceptance, seemed to be perfectly reasonable and proper, as the programme was a very attractive one, and as the list of persons invited included some of the best-known names in Japan, I decided at once to go.

On the morning of Sunday, June 12th, we all assembled in the Shimbashi railway station at Tokyo and took the 7:20 train for Yokosuka. Two hours later, when we alighted at our destination, we had our first experience of Japanese "prearrangement," and a very instructive and satisfactory experience it was. Nothing whatever had been left to go haphazard or by chance. Captain Takarabi, of the Manshu-maru, with half a dozen of his officers, was on the platform to meet us; three large, comfortable steam launches were waiting to take

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us off to the steamer, and a systematic prearrangement had been made for the collection, transportation, and orderly distribution of hand-baggage and trunks. When we reached the Manshu-maru we found, at the head of the companion-way, a complete passenger list, in Japanese and English, with assignments to staterooms, as well as a plan of the saloon dining tables with assignments to seats. Down below, at the door of every stateroom, there was a card bearing in Japanese or in English the names of the persons for whom that room was intended; and in the saloon, every man's seat at table was marked by a little wooden tablet, on which his name had been inscribed again. There was no necessity for asking questions. Everything, to the most trifling detail, had been thought out and "prearranged," and every passenger knew exactly what to do, where to go, and where to find his baggage. The result was the most quiet, comfortable, and orderly embarkation that I have ever seen on any passenger steamer or Government transport in any country. Included in the "prearrangements," furthermore, were fresh flowers and dwarf trees on the saloon tables; a library of several hundred volumes, mostly Japanese or English books on China, Japan, and Manchuria; photographs and plans of Japanese and Russian war-ships; maps and charts of Japan, Korea, and the Yellow Sea; chessboards, checker-boards, and two phonographs in the smoking-room; writing cases in the saloon, containing everything necessary for correspondence or note-taking; steamer chairs of various patterns in abundance; a mail-box for letters, a wireless telegraph apparatus, a bulletin board for telegrams and war news, and even half a dozen Japanese cigar-lighting devices, placed here and there on deck and consisting of little brass-bound tubs of water with slow-burning fuses of small coir rope hanging over them from the forked jaws of metallic standards. Nothing, apparently, that could possibly facilitate the work or add to the comfort of the passengers had been forgotten or omitted.

These details of management and equipment would have little interest in America, and might not be worth description if they were not significant of national character, and if they did not indicate precisely the mental qualities and the methods that have enabled the Japanese to win victories in this war, viz., intelligent and painstaking forethought and skillful "prearrangement." Everything, from the issuing of the invitations and the framing of rules to the grouping of passengers in staterooms and at table, had been carefully considered in advance, and the whole scheme worked out in practice with absolute precision and perfect success.

Precisely at the hour appointed for sailing the Manshu-maru got under way without a single shouted order and without any signal that I noticed except the piping of a boatswain's whistle. The brass band of the naval station, which had been sent out in a large steam launch by Admiral Inouye to enliven our departure with music, played "Auld Lang Syne" as we turned our bow seaward, and five minutes later a small black tug, flying signal flags that I presume meant "Follow me," steamed out ahead of us and showed us the way through the mine fields which protect the approaches to the bay.

As we ran out to sea and turned in a southwesterly direction down the coast, a light rain drew a misty curtain between us and the land, and during the rest of the day the only evidence we had of the existence of Japan was in the shape of a wireless telegram from an invisible headland many miles away wishing us "Good health and a safe voyage."

As the rain and fog prevented us from seeing anything of the coast, we turned our attention, naturally, to the ship on which we found ourselves and the passengers with whom, for a whole month, we were to live upon terms of more or less intimate association. The Manshu-maru is a single-screw steamer of about 4,000 tons, and was originally known as the Manchuria. She was built at Trieste in 1901 for the Russian Government, and before the war she ran as a passenger and freight steamer between Dalny and Shanghai in connec-

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tion with the Chinese Eastern Railway. Upon the breaking out of hostilities she was captured in the harbor of Nagasaki by the Japanese, who turned her into a transport and rechristened her the Manshu-maru. Her original name, on her sides and under her stern, has been painted out, but the inscriptions in Russian letters over the saloon and bathroom doors and on the rubber floor mats in the companionway have been allowed to stand.

The passengers invited by the Japanese Government to go on this excursion number fifty-five, and may be divided into three classes, viz., (1) Japanese noblemen and members of Parliament, (2) naval officers attached to the various foreign legations in Tokyo, and (3) war correspondents of all nationalities. Among the more distinguished of the Japanese are Marquis Kuroda, Count Hirosawa, Viscount Inouye, who lived for some years in England and the United States and was at one time chief of the Japanese Railway Bureau; Viscount Soga, who took a prominent part in the reorganization of the Japanese army and who has recently been retired with the rank of lieutenant-general; Baron Funakoshi, one of the provincial governors; Mr. Nabeshima, a high official of the Foreign Office; and six or eight members of the lower house in the Japanese Parliament. Several of the latter speak English fluently; two of them are graduates of Yale, and one of them, Mr. T. Yokoi, has written, in time past, for The Outlook. The United States Navy is represented by Commander Marsh, attaché of the American Legation; and among the best known of the war correspondents on board are Frederic Villiers, of the "Illustrated London News;" B. W. Norregaard, of the London "Mail;" L. Lawton, of the "Telegraph," and E. Ashmead Bartlett, of the "Standard." We also have with us correspondents of the leading journals in Paris, Berlin, and Vienna.

On the evening after our departure from Yokosuka, two of the ship's officers, thinking, perhaps, that the passengers might be mentally depressed by the gloomy weather and the fog, got out a graphophone and a wax-cylinder phonograph in the smoking-room, and for two or three hours ground out music of the most varied and cosmopolitan character to a most heterogeneous and cosmopolitan audience. Airs from "Faust" and the "Bohemian Girl" alternated with banjo or samisen solos, and songs of the geisha girls of Osaka were sandwiched between "Marching Through Georgia" and the Japanese national hymn. Japanese music, as a rule, strikes the Western ear unpleasantly. Most of it is extremely irregular in time and modulation, and the successive bars of an air have, apparently, so little relation of sequence one to another that if the whole tune were played backward the general effect would not seem to us to be noticeably different. This remark applies particularly to tea-house music; but it is also true of most Japanese music that I have heard, with the exception of marches and school songs, in which the time is strongly marked and regular, and the Japanese national hymn, "Kim-a-gai-yo," which is both melodious and solemnly impressive. Tea-house music—that is, the singing of geisha girls to a samisen accompaniment—seems to me to be wholly without time, melody, or orderly sequence; and when it is reproduced on a graphophone, with a few additional discords and "accidentals," due to wear of the cylinders or mechanical defects in the instrument, it becomes more depressing than the worst of weather. It is only fair to say, however, that a criticism of this same kind would be made upon our operatic music by the Japanese. A well-known European prima donna, who sang publicly in Tokyo a few years ago, was fairly laughed off the stage by one of the most polite and considerate audiences in the world. The singing seemed to them so grotesque and bizarre that they could not restrain their merriment. The effect produced by music is largely dependent upon inherited association and training, and many of our songs sound as strangely to Asiatics as most of their music does to us. In the kindly feeling, however, that prompted the ship's officers to entertain us with graphophones, we are all akin; and we could appreciate Japanese courtesy, even if we could not under-

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stand or truly appreciate Japanese music.

The sky finally cleared Monday afternoon, and at five o'clock that day we steamed through the Strait of Awaji, which is the most important eastern entrance to the Inland Sea. The defenses of this narrow passage are of the most formidable character. Two extensive forts of modern type stand at the water's edge, one on each side, and on the high hills above are two more that can be seen, as well as long lines of fortification that have been more or less skillfully masked. I counted about fifty guns of large caliber on the parapets or in the embrasures of the visible forts, and a Japanese gentleman who is in a position to know the strength of the place informed me that a fire from three hundred guns, large and small, might be concentrated upon any hostile fleet that should try to force this passage. The channel is also protected by observation mines, electrically connected with the forts, and the system of defenses, as a whole, is regarded by the Japanese as absolutely impregnable.

The Inland Sea, which begins at the Awaji Passage on the east and extends to the Strait of Shimonoseki on the west, has a length of about two hundred and forty miles; and as it is surrounded by mountains filled with islands and cut into a maze of labyrinthine waterways, its scenery is extremely diversified and picturesque. The weather when we left Kobe on Tuesday morning was calm, warm, and sunshiny, and all day long there passed before our eyes a seemingly endless and always enchanting panorama of blue water, white-sailed fishing sampans, snowy lighthouses, high-sterned junks with square lateen sails of yellow matting, mountain peaks clothed with evergreen forests above and cut into narrow, steplike terraces of cultivation below, villages of thatched-roofed houses nestling in the valleys between huge, pine-clad promontories, volcanic islands rising out of the blue water in gigantic cones of unbroken verdure, and extensive landscapes where successive ranges of beautifully sculptured mountains, overlapping or overtopping one another, presented, in the foreground and middle distance, exquisite gradations of fresh green, delicate purple, and hazy, Indian-summer blue.

Our first objective point after leaving Kobe was the naval station of Kure (pronounced " Koo-ray "), which is situated on one of the deep, secluded bays that indent the northern coast line of the Inland Sea between Mihara and Hiroshima. We reached there early Wednesday morning; and when I went on deck, after breakfast, the Manshumaru was lying at anchor near the head of a deep, tranquil harbor, surrounded by a great amphitheater of mountains. The peaks of these mountains were generally wooded; but their lower slopes had been cut into hundreds of narrow, cultivated terraces, whose growing crops of beans, potatoes, or ripening wheat made them look like a series of green and yellow steps. At the base of these mountains, occupying a strip of comparatively level ground that stretched in a long, horseshoe curve around the protected water of the inner bay, were the storehouses, dry docks, shipbuilding yards, and gun foundry, which, taken together, make up the Kure naval station.

To one who is no better informed than I was with regard to the progress recently made by the Japanese in the mechanical arts that go to support a navy, Kure is a great surprise. The buildings of the station, most of which are large and of substantial construction, stretch for a distance of a mile and a half or two miles around the curve of the horseshoe, and above their roofs I counted no less than twenty-eight tall chimneys and smokestacks, indicating the existence under them of at least an equal number of furnaces and engines. At the extreme right of the curve of the shore was a one-hundred-ton crane, mounted on a high, massive stone pier, and between this crane at one end of the curve and a long row of black storehouses a mile and a half or two miles distant from it at the other end, there were at least a hundred large buildings, many of them three or four hundred feet in length and a quarter as much in width. Kure, in short, looked, even at first glance, like a manufacturing plant,

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and one, moreover, of the first magnitude.

About nine o'clock three large steam launches came off to the ship to take us on shore, and ten minutes later we landed at a substantial stone pier and began, under the guidance of three or four officers from the station, a tour of inspection that lasted nearly the whole day. The first place to which we were taken was the storehouse for mechanical and observation mines, the deadly instruments of naval warfare that have played so important a part at Port Arthur, and that have already destroyed so many vessels on both sides. The mines of the Japanese are hollow spheres of riveted boiler iron, varying in diameter from two feet to three feet and a half. They are charged with gun-cotton or other high explosive, and are fired either mechanically, by contact, or electrically, by wires connecting them with an observation station on shore. The contact mines, when in use, are anchored at a depth of from eighteen to thirty-five feet, and are connected with a small buoy, or float, just under the surface of the water, in such a way that when the submerged buoy is struck by the hull of a vessel, the underlying mine is mechanically exploded. Most of the mines used by the Japanese at Port Arthur were of this description, while the observation mines were employed chiefly for harbor defense in connection with forts. The storehouse through which we were shown contained a large number of these mines, of both types, as well as quantities of chain, floats, and anchors of various sizes, to be used in setting and anchoring them.

From the mine storehouse we were taken across a very large drill ground to a group of wooden buildings used as places of instruction for seamen, marines, stokers, and assistant engineers. In these buildings there were models and plans of Russian and Japanese war-ships, marine engines and plans of engines of all sorts, model ships to show methods of rigging, pumps of various types, and walls covered with greatly magnified knots, bends, and splices, intended to illustrate every possible method of using cables and rope. One shed-like building, on the edge of the drill ground, was devoted exclusively to the training of stokers, and in it long lines of men were engaged in shoveling large water-worn pebbles (to represent coal) into a series of oven-door-like boxes, at a height of about three and a half feet, dumping them upon the sheet-iron floor, and then shoveling them back again into the boxes. The men seemed eager and interested in their work—monotonous and wearisome although it was—and they put as much energy into it as if the speed of a cruiser or battle-ship in action were depending upon their exertions. Just outside of this building other lines of men were being trained for blacksmiths, and, under the eye of an instructor, were turning and pounding pieces of cold iron with hammers and sledges of all sizes.

In such exercises as these, and many others that I have neither time nor space to describe, Japanese seamen, stokers, and engineers are trained for their work, and when the strain of war comes there are thousands of men who have been so thoroughly instructed and so persistently drilled that they may fairly be regarded as experts in their respective lines of duty. This is the method—or, at least, this is one of the methods—by which success in war is "prearranged."

On the large drill ground adjoining these buildings a thousand or fifteen hundred bluejackets and marines were practicing all sorts of movements and maneuvers, some without weapons of any kind and some with the guns and caissons of light artillery. These men, as one of the Japanese officers informed me, were raw recruits, who had had only two weeks of training. The dash, spirit, and precision, however, with which they executed the orders given them would have led me to believe, in the absence of information, that they had been under instruction for at least two or three months.

We were next shown the dry docks, which were two in number, and which did not differ essentially from dry docks in other countries. The larger of the two had a length of four hundred and eighty feet and could take in any war-ship of the Japanese navy. This dock

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was empty, but in the smaller one repairs were being made to a single torpedo-boat which had been injured in one of the attacks on Port Arthur.

From the dry docks we went through a very extensive boiler shop, filled with the din of multitudinous hammers, to a large iron and steel plant, where we saw the casting of a twenty-five-ton ingot of steel to be used in the construction of a twelve-inch gun. Here, as elsewhere, the work was proceeding in the most orderly manner possible. The pouring of twenty-five tons of fluid steel into a mold for a twelve-inch gun is a job of some magnitude and importance, but it was executed without the least noticeable manifestation of worry or excitement and without any shouted orders. Every workman seemed to know exactly what to do and when to do it, and the great gun was cast with no more fuss than would have been made over the casting of a three-pounder field piece. This foundry was full of blast furnaces, and it had, overhead, a great traveling crane for lifting and transporting the immense masses of cooled steel from the molds. It was also connected by means of trams with all the other buildings of the cannon manufacturing plant.

A short distance from this foundry was a shipyard, where seventy-five or a hundred men were at work on a torpedo-boat which was in process of construction. The keel had been laid only the day before, but the frame was already assuming shape, and the boat would be ready for use in less than three months. Nine torpedo boats and destroyers have been built in this yard within the last three years. The Japanese heretofore have had to depend for their armor-plate upon foreign countries, but they are now erecting an immense building for its manufacture in Kure, and at the time of our visit they were preparing a foundation for a big eight-thousand-ton hydraulic press, which is to form a part of the new plant.

By the time we had finished our inspection of the foundry and the shipyard it was noon, but we were not allowed to go off to the Manshu-maru for luncheon. By invitation of Admiral Yamanouchi, we were to take luncheon with him on shore, and the officers who were acting as our guides conducted us to two large tent pavilions, made by stretching sail canvas over light wooden frames with open sides. These pavilions were draped with the flags of Great Britain, the United States, and most of the nations of Europe, and the tables in them were surrounded with European chairs and beautifully decorated with ferns, cut flowers, and dwarf trees. Here, as in Yokosuka and on the Manshu-maru, nothing that could add to our comfort had been forgotten. There were even hooks in the light, improvised framework behind our chairs for our hats, rain coats, and umbrellas. These may all be trifles, but they are significant trifles. Japan makes war precisely as she receives her guests—with intelligent forethought and skillful "prearrangement."

After luncheon we spent three or four hours in an inspection of the great establishment created by the Japanese Government at Kure for the manufacture of cannon, gun-carriages, projectiles of all kinds, Whitehead torpedoes, and explosive mines. This immense plant came into existence only about fifteen years ago. It was founded by Admiral Yamanouchi, its present director, in 1889, and was intended to embody the best ideas and methods of steel workers and gun founders in France, Germany, England, and the United States. Up to the time of the Chino-Japanese war it was a comparatively small establishment; but at the end of that struggle, when Japan was compelled to surrender most of the fruits of her victory, and when it became apparent to far-sighted Japanese naval officers and statesmen that they would eventually have to fight Russia, every possible effort was made to extend and improve it; and in the course of eight years its capacity was more than trebled. It now occupies fifteen or twenty large brick buildings, as well as many smaller ones of wood, and must contain twenty-five or thirty acres of varied, complicated, and often ponderous machinery, giving employment to about nine thousand skilled workmen. In the Kure naval station as a whole, the number of men employed

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is fifteen thousand, viz., nine thousand in the ordnance department, two thousand five hundred in the engineering department, and three thousand five hundred in the department of construction.

We were taken first to an extensive foundry, three or four hundred feet long, where red-hot gun castings of steel, weighing many tons, were being squeezed into shape by massive hydraulic presses, or pounded by gigantic trip-hammers, whose blows shook the whole building. We then went through the boring and rifling departments, where keen drills were eating the hearts out of huge cylinders of steel as they turned slowly in immense lathes; then through the buildings devoted to the manufacture of gun-carriages and mines, where immense shears were cutting three-quarter-inch plates of cold iron as if they were sheets of paper; then through the projectile department, where shells and solid shot, of all sizes, were being turned out with extraordinary rapidity; then to the torpedo manufactory, where Whitehead torpedoes were being made, fitted with delicate machinery, and adjusted; and, finally, to the magazines, where cannon, shells, and torpedoes in their finished form were stored. In two or three long brick buildings I counted more than thirty cannon of large caliber—six-inch and upward—to say nothing of smaller quick-firers, machine guns, finished torpedoes, and shells of all sorts and sizes in great quantities.

Our interesting afternoon closed with an exhibition of torpedo practice, which we witnessed from the high stone pier that supports the 100-ton crane on the western side of the harbor. Two torpedoes were fired at a line of floating targets placed respectively at distances of 500, 1,000, and 2,000 meters. The most distant target, which was approximately about a mile and a quarter away, had a width of only sixty-five feet. The first torpedo discharged was so adjusted as to keep at a depth of about four feet. It moved away with great rapidity, leaving a wake of whirling eddies and air bubbles behind it, passed directly under the two nearer targets, and struck the most distant one—a mile and a quarter away—almost exactly in the center, after a flight of about three minutes. The second torpedo, which had greater speed but shorter range, passed under the first target and struck the second, at a distance of three-fifths of a mile, after a flight of about a minute and a quarter.

I am not familiar with torpedo practice, and therefore am not qualified to express an opinion with regard to these results; but I am quite sure that if I were in a Russian vessel, and a Japanese torpedo boat succeeded in getting within a mile of me, in smooth water, I should make hasty preparations for inevitable death.

After the exhibition of torpedo firing, and after we had been photographed in a group on the top of the big stone pier, we all returned to the Manshu-maru, extremely tired, but more than satisfied with the day's experience.

At 7:30 we put on evening dress and went ashore by special invitation to dine with Vice-Admiral Shibiyama, the commandant of the port. The Naval Officers' Club, where we were received, was draped with flags and brilliantly lighted, and at one end of the dining-room I noticed the Stars and Stripes and the red-rayed sun of Japan hanging side by side over a life buoy inscribed "America." The dinner was served in European style from tables decorated with flowers, dwarf maples, and small national flags; the fine naval band of the station furnished music; and everything was managed not only with excellent taste, but with the orderly precision which seems to be characteristic of all Japanese "pre-arrangements." There was no speech-making, and after dinner we gathered in groups in the billiard-room, or on the broad piazza that overlooked the garden, and discussed Kure, the war, and the events of the world. Many of the Japanese officers and guests had been educated in the United States, and I heard almost as much talk about past Yale and Harvard football matches as about the latest battle in Manchuria. The strong influence that America has exerted, and is still exerting, upon Japan, was apparent in many ways. The naval band, at intervals, played our civil war music; and finally its members sang in

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unison and with excellent effect a Japanese song that had been set to the air of "'Way Down on the Suwanee River."

At eleven o'clock, when, at last, we bade Admiral Shibiyama good-night, the band played "Auld Lang Syne," and as the American members of our party left the club, the Japanese officers at the door cheered us with a "Hip! hip! hurrah!"

In recalling the impressions that the Kure naval station made upon me, I must give the first place, I think, to a feeling of intense surprise at the results achieved. Here is a people that only fifty or sixty years ago was using mediæval weapons and sailing the sea in junks. They knew how to paint, enamel, make porcelain, cast small bronzes, inlay in silver and gold, and embroider on silk; but no one would have credited them with the capacity for doing big things in a big way. When, therefore, one finds them creating great steel plants and gun foundries, making thirteen-inch rifled cannon, building war-ships, constructing huge dry docks, employing fifteen thousand skilled workmen in a single establishment, and managing, without foreign assistance, the most complicated and ponderous machinery known to modern mechanical art, one's first feeling, naturally, is surprise.

The next thing that impressed me at Kure was the careful, thorough, painstaking way in which the element of chance in naval warfare has been eliminated, as far as it is possible to eliminate it, by intelligent forethought and skillful preparation. If I had seen Kure before the outbreak of the present war, I should have had no doubt whatever of Japan's success at sea. In the training of her stokers, her engineers, her seamen, her gunners, and her torpedo crews, in the creation of great plants for the manufacture of ordnance, projectiles, torpedoes, and explosive mines, and in aiming first, last, and all the time at the utmost possible efficiency, in small things as well as in great, she organized success and "prearranged" victory.

Sasebo.

The Mountains

By Stewart Edward White

Author of "The Forest," "The Blazed Trail," "The Silent Places," etc.

XIV.—On Camp Cookery

ONE morning I awoke a little before the others, and lay on my back staring up through the trees. It was not my day to cook. We were camped at the time only about sixty-five hundred feet high, and the weather was warm. Every sort of green thing grew very lush all about us, but our own little space was held dry and clear for us by the needles of two enormous red cedars some four feet in diameter. A variety of thoughts sifted through my mind as it followed lazily the shimmering filaments of loose spider-web streaming through space. The last thought stuck. It was that that day was a holiday. Therefore I unlimbered my six-shooter, and turned her loose, each shot being accompanied by a meritorious yell.

The outfit boiled out of its blankets. I explained the situation, and after they had had some breakfast they agreed with me that a celebration was in order. Unanimously we decided to make it gastronomic.

"We will ride till we get to good feed," we concluded, "and then we'll cook all the afternoon. And nobody must eat anything until the whole business is prepared and served."

It was agreed. We rode until we were very hungry, which was eleven o'clock. Then we rode some more. By and by we came to a log cabin in a wide fair lawn below a high mountain with a ducal coronet on its top, and

[1] Copyright, 1904, by the Outlook Company.

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around that cabin was a fence, and inside the fence a man chopping wood. Him we hailed. He came to the fence and grinned at us from the elevation of high-heeled boots. By this token we knew him for a cow-puncher.

"How are you?" said we.

"Howdy, boys," he roared. Roared is the accurate expression. He was not a large man, and his hair was sandy, and his eye mild blue. But undoubtedly his kinsmen were dumb and he had as birthright the voice for the entire family. It had been subsequently developed in the shouting after the wild cattle of the hills. Now his ordinary conversational tone was that of the announcer at a circus. But his heart was good.

"Can we camp here?" we inquired.

"Sure thing," he bellowed. "Turn your horses into the meadow. Camp right here."

But with the vision of a rounded wooded knoll a few hundred yards distant we said we'd just get out of his way a little. We crossed a creek, mounted an easy slope to the top of the knoll, and were delighted to observe just below its summit the peculiar fresh green hump which indicates a spring. The Tenderfoot, however, knew nothing of springs, for shortly he trudged a weary way back to the creek, and so returned bearing kettles of water. This performance hugely astonished the cowboy, who subsequently wanted to know if a "critter had died in the spring."

Wes departed to borrow a big Dutch oven of the man and to invite him to come across when we raised the long yell. Then we began operations.

Now camp cooks are of two sorts. Anybody can with a little practice fry bacon, steak, or flapjacks, and boil coffee. The reduction of the raw material to its most obvious cooked result is within the reach of all but the most hopeless tenderfoot who never knows the salt-sack from the sugar-sack. But your true artist at the business is he who can from six ingredients, by permutation, combination, and the genius that is in him, turn out a full score of dishes. For simple example:

Given, rice, oatmeal, and raisins. Your expert accomplishes the following:

Item—Boiled rice.

Item—Boiled oatmeal.

Item—Rice boiled until soft, then stiffened by the addition of quarter as much oatmeal.

Item—Oatmeal in which is boiled almost to the dissolving point a third as much rice.

These latter two dishes taste entirely unlike each other or their separate ingredients. They are moreover great in nutrition.

Item—Boiled rice and raisins.

Item—Dish number three with raisins.

Item—Rice boiled with raisins, sugar sprinkled on top, then baked.

Item—Ditto with dish number three.

All these are good—and different.

Some people like to cook and have a natural knack for it. Others hate it. If you are one of the former, select a propitious moment to suggest that you will cook, if the rest will wash the dishes and supply the wood and water. Thus you will get first crack at the fire in the chill of morning; and at night you can squat on your heels doing light labor while the others rustle.

In a mountain trip small stout bags for the provisions are necessary. They should be big enough to contain, say, five pounds of corn-meal, and should tie firmly at the top. It will be absolutely labor lost for you to mark them on the outside, as the outside soon will become uniform in color with your marking. Tags might do, if occasionally renewed. But if you have the instinct, you will soon come to recognize the appearance of the different bags as you recognize the features of your family. They should contain small quantities for immediate use of the provisions the main stock of which is carried on another pack-animal. One tin plate apiece and "one to grow on;" the same of tin cups; half a dozen spoons; four knives and forks; a big spoon; two frying-pans; a broiler; a coffee-pot; a Dutch oven; and three light sheet-iron pails to nest in one another, was what we carried on this trip. You see, we had horses. Of course in the woods that outfit would be materially reduced.

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For the same reason, since we had our carrying done for us, we took along two flat iron bars about twenty-four inches in length. These, laid across two stones between which the fire had been built, we used to support our cooking utensils stove-wise. I should never carry a stove. This arrangement is quite as effective, and possesses the added advantage that wood does not have to be cut for it of any definite length. Again, in the woods these iron bars would be a senseless burden. But early you will learn that while it is foolish to carry a single ounce more than will pay in comfort or convenience for its own transportation, it is equally foolish to refuse the comforts or conveniences that modified circumstance will permit you. To carry only a forest equipment with pack-animals would be as silly as to carry only a pack-animal outfit on a Pullman car. Only look out that you do not reverse it.

Even if you do not intend to wash dishes, bring along some washing powder. It is much simpler in getting at odd corners of obstinate kettles than any soap. All you have to do is to boil some of it in that kettle, and the utensil is tamed at once.

That's about all you, as expert cook, are going to need in the way of equipment. Now as to your fire.

There are a number of ways of building a cooking fire, but they share one first requisite: it should be small. A blaze will burn everything, including your hands and your temper. Two logs laid side by side and slanted towards each other so that small things can go on the narrow end and big things on the wide end; flat rocks arranged in the same manner; a narrow trench in which the fire is built; and the flat irons just described—these are the best-known methods. Use dry wood. Arrange to do your boiling first—in the flame; and your frying and broiling last—after the flames have died to coals.

So much in general. You must remember that open-air cooking is in many things quite different from indoor cooking. You have different utensils, are exposed to varying temperatures, are limited in resources, and pursued by a necessity of haste. Preconceived notions must go by the board. You are after results; and if you get them, do not mind the feminines of your household lifting the hands of horror over the unorthodox means. Mighty few women I have ever seen were good camp-fire cooks; not because camp-fire cookery is especially difficult, but because they are temperamentally incapable of ridding themselves of the notion that certain things should be done in a certain way, and because if an ingredient lacks, they cannot bring themselves to substitute an approximation. They would rather abandon the dish than do violence to the sacred art.

Most camp-cookery advice is quite useless for the same reason. I have seen many a recipe begin with the words: "Take the yolks of four eggs, half a cup of butter, and a cup of fresh milk—" As if any one really camping in the wilderness ever had eggs, butter, and milk!

Now here is something I cooked for this particular celebration. Every woman to whom I have ever described it has informed me vehemently that it is not cake, and must be "horrid." Perhaps it is not cake, but it looks yellow and light, and tastes like cake.

First I took two cups of flour, and a half cup of corn-meal to make it look yellow. In this I mixed a lot of baking-powder—about twice what one should use for bread—and topped off with a cup of sugar. The whole I mixed with water into a light dough. Into the dough went raisins that had previously been boiled to swell them up. Thus was the cake mixed. Now I poured half the dough into the Dutch oven, sprinkled it with a good layer of sugar, cinnamon, and unboiled raisins; poured in the rest of the dough; repeated the layer of sugar, cinnamon, and raisins; and baked in the Dutch oven. It was gorgeous, and we ate it at one fell swoop.

While we are about it, we may as well work backwards on this particular orgy by describing the rest of our dessert. In addition to the cake and some stewed apricots, I, as cook of the day, constructed also a pudding.

The basis was flour—two cups of it.

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Into this I dumped a handful of raisins, a tablespoonful of baking-powder, two of sugar, and about a pound of fat salt pork cut into little cubes. This I mixed up into a mess by means of a cup or so of water and a quantity of larrupy-dope.[1] Then I dipped a flour-sack in hot water, wrung it out, sprinkled it with dry flour, and half filled it with my pudding mixture. The whole outfit I boiled for two hours in a kettle. It, too, was good to the palate, and was even better sliced and fried the following morning.

This brings us to the suspension of kettles. There are two ways. If you are in a hurry, cut a springy pole, sharpen one end, and stick it perpendicular in the ground. Bend it down towards your fire. Hang your kettle on the end of it. If you have jabbed it far enough into the ground in the first place, it will balance nicely by its own spring and the elasticity of the turf. The other method is to plant two forked sticks on either side your fire over which a strong cross-piece is laid. The kettles are hung on hooks cut from forked branches. The forked branches are attached to the cross-piece by means of thongs or withes.

On this occasion we had deer, grouse, and ducks in the larder. The best way to treat them is as follows. You may be sure we adopted the best way.

When your deer is fresh, you will enjoy greatly a dish of liver and bacon. Only the liver you will discover to be a great deal tenderer and more delicate than any calf's liver you ever ate. There is this difference: a deer's liver should be parboiled in order to get rid of a green bitter scum that will rise to the surface and which you must skim off.

Next in order is the "back strap" and tenderloin, which is always tender, even when fresh. The hams should be kept at least five days. Deer-steak, to my notion, is best broiled, though occasionally it is pleasant, by way of variety, to fry it. In that case a brown gravy is made by thoroughly heating flour in the grease, and then stirring in water. Deer-steak threaded on switches and "barbecued" over the coals is delicious. The outside will be a little blackened, but all the juices will be retained. To enjoy this to the utmost, you should take it in your fingers and *gnaw*. The only permissible implement is your hunting-knife. Do not forget to peel and char slightly the switches on which you thread the meat; otherwise they will impart their fresh-wood taste.

By this time the ribs are in condition. Cut little slits between them, and through the slits thread in and out long strips of bacon. Cut other little gashes, and fill these gashes with onions chopped very fine. Suspend the ribs across two stones, between which you have allowed a fire to die down to coals.

There remain now the hams, shoulders, and heart. The two former furnish steaks. The latter you will make into a "bouillon." Here inserts itself quite naturally the philosophy of boiling meat. It may be stated in a paragraph.

If you want boiled meat, put it in hot water. That sets the juices. If you want soup, put it in cold water and bring to a boil. That sets free the juices. Remember this.

Now you start your bouillon cold. Into a kettle of water put your deer hearts, or your fish, a chunk of pork, and some salt. Bring to a boil. Next drop in quartered potatoes, several small whole onions, a half cupful of rice, a can of tomatoes—if you have any. Boil slowly for an hour or so—until things pierce easily under the fork. Add several chunks of bread and a little flour for thickening. Boil down to about a chowder consistency, and serve hot. It is all you will need for that meal; and you will eat of it until there is no more.

I am supposing throughout that you know enough to use salt and pepper when needed.

So much for your deer. The grouse you can split and fry; in which case the brown gravy described for the fried deer-steak is just the thing. Or you can boil him. If you do that, put him into hot water, boil slowly, skim frequently, and add dumplings mixed of flour, baking-powder, and a little lard. Or you can roast him in your Dutch oven with your ducks.

Perhaps it might be well here to explain the Dutch oven. It is a heavy

[1] Camp-lingo for any kind of syrup.

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iron kettle with little legs and an iron cover. The theory of it is that coals go among the little legs and on top of the iron cover. This heats the inside, and so cooking results. That, you will observe, is the theory.

In practice you will have to remember a good many things. In the first place, while other affairs are preparing, lay the cover on the fire to heat it through; but not on too hot a place nor too long, lest it warp and so fit loosely. Also the oven itself is to be heated through, and well greased. Your first baking will undoubtedly be burned on the bottom. It is almost impossible without many trials to understand just how little heat suffices underneath. Sometimes it seems that the warmed earth where the fire has been is enough. And on top you do not want a bonfire. A nice even heat, and patience, are the proper ingredients. Nor drop into the error of letting your bread chill, and so fall to unpalatable heaviness. Probably for some time you will alternate between the extremes of heavy crusts with doughy insides, and white, weighty boiler-plate, with no distinguishable crusts at all. Above all, do not lift the lid too often for the sake of taking a look. Have faith.

There are other ways of baking bread. In the North Country forests, where you carry everything on your back, you will do it in the frying-pan. The mixture should be a rather thick batter or a rather thin dough. It is turned into the frying-pan and baked first on one side, then on the other, the pan being propped on edge facing the fire. The whole secret of success is, first to set your pan horizontal and about three feet from the fire, in order that the mixture may be thoroughly warmed—not heated—before the pan is propped on edge. Still another way of baking is in a reflector oven of tin. This is highly satisfactory, provided the oven is built on the scientific angles to throw the heat evenly on all parts of the bread-pan, and equally on top and bottom. It is not so easy as you might imagine to get a good one made. These reflectors are all right for a permanent camp, but too fragile for transportation on pack-animals.

As for bread, try it unleavened once in a while by way of change. It is really very good—just salt, water, flour, and a very little sugar. For those who like their bread "all crust" it is especially toothsome. The usual camp bread that I have found the most successful has been in the proportion of two cups of flour to a teaspoonful of salt, one of sugar, and three of baking-powder. Sugar or cinnamon sprinkled on top is sometimes pleasant. Test by thrusting a splinter into the loaf. If dough adheres to the wood, the bread is not done. Biscuits are made by using twice as much baking-powder and about two tablespoonfuls of lard for shortening. They bake much more quickly than the bread. Johnny-cake you mix of corn-meal three cups, flour one cup, sugar four spoonfuls, salt one spoonful, baking-powder four spoonfuls, and lard twice as much as for biscuits. It also is good, very good.

The flapjack is first cousin to bread, very palatable, and extremely indigestible when made of flour, as is ordinarily done. However, the self-raising buckwheat flour makes an excellent flapjack, which is likewise good for your insides. The batter is rather thin, is poured into the piping hot greased pan, "flipped" when brown on one side, and eaten with larrupy-dope or brown gravy.

When you come to consider potatoes and beans and onions and such matters, remember one thing: that in the higher altitudes water boils at a low temperature, and that therefore you must not expect your boiled food to cook very rapidly. In fact, you'd better leave beans at home. We did. Potatoes you can sometimes tease along by quartering them.

Rolled oats are better that oatmeal. Put them in plenty of water and boil down to the desired consistency. In lack of cream you will probably want it rather soft.

Put your coffee into cold water, bring to a boil, let boil for about two minutes, and immediately set off. Settle by letting a half cup of cold water flow slowly into the pot from the height of a foot or so. If your utensils are clean, you will surely have good coffee by this simple method. Of course you will never boil your tea.

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The sun was nearly down when we raised our long yell. The cow-puncher promptly responded. We ate. Then we smoked. Then we basely left all our dishes until the morrow, and followed our cow-puncher to his log cabin, where we were to spend the evening.

By now it was dark, and a bitter cold swooped down from the mountains. We built a fire in a huge stone fireplace and sat around in the flickering light telling ghost stories to one another. The place was rudely furnished, with only a hard earthen floor, and chairs hewn by the ax. Rifles, spurs, bits, revolvers, branding-irons in turn caught the light and vanished in the shadow. The skin of a bear looked at us from hollow eye-sockets in which there were no eyes. We talked of the Long Trail. Outside the wind, rising, howled through the shakes of the roof.

XV.—On the Wind at Night

The winds were indeed abroad that night. They rattled our cabin, they shrieked in our eaves, they puffed down our chimney, scattering the ashes and leaving in the room a balloon of smoke as though a shell had burst. When we opened the door and stepped out, after our good-nights had been said, it caught at our hats and garments as though it had been lying in wait for us.

To our eyes, fire-dazzled, the night seemed very dark. There would be a moon later, but at present even the stars seemed only so many pinpoints of dull metal, lusterless, without illumination. We felt our way to camp, conscious of the softness of grasses, the uncertainty of stones.

At camp the remains of the fire crouched beneath the rating of the storm. Its embers glowed sullen and red, alternately glaring with a half-formed resolution to rebel, and dying to a sulky resignation. Once a feeble flame sprang up for an instant, but was immediately pounced on and beaten flat as though by a vigilant antagonist.

We, stumbling, gathered again our tumbled blankets. Across the brow of the knoll lay a huge pine trunk. In its shelter we respread our bedding, and there, standing, dressed for the night. The power of the wind tugged at our loose garments, hoping for spoil. A towel, shaken by accident from the interior of a sweater, departed white-winged, like a bird, into the outer blackness. We found it next day caught in the bushes several hundred yards distant. Our voices as we shouted were snatched from our lips and hurled lavishly into space. The very breath of our bodies seemed driven back, so that as we faced the elements, we breathed in gasps, with difficulty.

Then we dropped down into our blankets.

At once the prostrate tree-trunk gave us its protection. We lay in a little back-wash of the racing winds, still as a night in June. Over us roared the battle. We felt like sharpshooters in the trenches; as though, were we to raise our heads, at that instant we should enter a zone of danger. So we lay quietly on our backs and stared at the heavens.

The first impression thence given was of stars sailing serene and unaffected, remote from the turbulence of what until this instant had seemed to fill the universe. They were as always, just as we should see them when the evening was warm and the tree-toads chirped clearly audible at half a mile. The importance of the tempest shrank. Then below them next we noticed the mountains; they too were serene and calm.

Immediately it was as though the storm were an hallucination; something not objective; something real, but within the soul of him who looked upon it. It claimed sudden kinship with those blackest days when nevertheless the sun, the mere external unimportant sun, shines with superlative brilliancy. Emotions of a power to shake the foundations of life seemed vaguely to stir in answer to these their hollow symbols. For, after all, we were contented at heart and tranquil in mind, and this was but the outer gorgeous show of an intense emotional experience we did not at the moment prove. Our nerves responded to it au-

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tomatically. We became excited, keyed to a high tension, and so lay rigid on our backs, as though fighting out the battles of our souls.

It was all so unreal and yet so plain to our senses that perforce automatically our experience had to conclude it psychical. We were in air absolutely still. Yet above us the trees writhed and twisted and turned and bent and struck back, evidently in the power of a mighty force. Across the calm heavens the murk of flying atmosphere—I have always maintained that if you looked closely enough you could *see* the wind—the dim, hardly-made-out, fine débris fleeing high in the air—these faintly hinted at intense movement rushing down through space. A roar of sound filled the hollow of the sky. Occasionally it intermitted, falling abruptly in volume like the mysterious rare hushings of a rapid stream. Then the familiar noises of a summer night became audible for the briefest instant—a horse sneezed, an owl hooted, the wild call of birds came down the wind. And with a howl the legions of good and evil took up their warring. It was too real, and yet it was not reconcilable with the calm of our resting-places.

For hours we lay thus in all the intensity of an inner storm and stress, which it seemed could not fail to develop us, to mold us, to age us, to leave on us its scars, to bequeath us its peace or remorse or despair, as would some great mysterious dark experience direct from the sources of life. And then abruptly we were exhausted, as we should have been by too great emotion. We fell asleep.

The morning dawned still and clear, and garnished and set in order as though such things had never been. Only our white towel fluttered like a flag of truce in the direction the mighty elements had departed.

The Story of a Bygone Civilization[1]

HIGHLY controversial in tone and abounding in passages that betray a lack of the judicial temperament of the born historian, the value of this exhaustive study of Mohammedan rule and civilization in Europe is, nevertheless, of a high quality. It demands, nay challenges, searching scrutiny not alone by historians, but by students of religion, sociology, ethnology, literature, art, and science. One can readily appreciate the significance of the author's statement that he has devoted over twenty years to its preparation. From hundreds of authorities, English, French, German, Danish, Swedish, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Arabic, ancient, mediæval, and modern, he has drawn a wondrous variety of information relating not only to the Moors, but to the contemporary peoples of Europe, and has woven this into a narrative that is a monument of erudition, pictoriality, and dynamic force, not a page of which, however offensive the treatment may be to the reader's religious sentiments, can be called uninteresting. Indeed, it is not too much to say that few readers, if any, will not regret, when they have finished the two thousand odd pages, that the author has not given them more—this, too, despite a curious repetition, a habit of constantly reiterating points in order to drive them home.

Mr. Scott's point of view and the purpose for which he devoted himself to so many years of laborious research may readily be shown by a brief quotation. "The almost universal disbelief in Moorish civilization," he remarks, after a lengthy discussion of the achievements of the Spanish Arabs in all spheres of human activity, "is hardly less remarkable than its creation and progress. Sectarian prejudice, ignorance of Arabic, and a fixed determination to acknowledge no obligation to infidels have concurred to establish and confirm the popular opinion. To this end the Church has always lent its powerful,

[1] *The History of the Moorish Empire in Europe.* By Samuel Parsons Scott. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

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often omnipotent, aid. Yet in spite of systematic suppression of facts and long-continued misrepresentations, it cannot now be denied that no race effected so much for all that concerns the practical welfare of mankind as the Spanish Mohammedans; that no race of kings has deserved so large a measure of fame as that which traces its lineage to Abd-al-Rahman I." After this nothing in the way of extravagant praise need surprise the reader. In his enthusiasm the author attributes to the Moors the stimulus to the Reformation of Luther and the revival of learning in Europe. "It is both popular and fashionable," he observes, "to ascribe to the influence of the Crusades the awakening of the spirit of progress which ultimately led to the revival of letters and the political and social regeneration of Europe. But the Crusades were only, in an indirect and secondary manner, a factor of civilization. On the other hand, their tendency was signally destructive. Their track has been compared to that left by a swarm of locusts. . . . The results produced upon Europe by these expeditions, instead of being humanizing, were most disastrous." The Crusaders are by no means the only objects of his wrath. He draws pictures, the reverse of pleasant, of great leaders in the long struggle of Christendom against the Saracen, and, curious inconsistency, in his effort to paint in most lurid hues the sloughlike condition of the mediæval Church and civilization of Europe falls back upon the "monkish annalists," whose exaggerations, superstition, and credulity he denounces in no uncertain terms when their writings reflect upon the peoples he would here rehabilitate. Frankly he admits that he writes from the Saracen standpoint. In the course of his study of the momentous battle of Covadongo he remarks: "In this, as in all other instances where the statements of the Arab and Christian writers of that age conflict, the preference should be given to the assertions of the former." Despite this uncompromising and regrettable bias, his work, we repeat, is of great value, if only for the manner in which he has assembled the salient facts connected with the rise, decline, and fall of Mohammedan power in Spain—but one phase, after all, of his far-reaching survey.

It is out of the question to attempt more than a brief outline of the scope of the work; to discuss it with any degree of adequacy would require many pages of The Outlook. Mr. Scott opens with an exploration of Arab characteristics, customs, and manners, tracing the career of Mohammed, the rise of the religion founded by him, and the extension of the Mohammedan empire westward. Here he reveals to us all the romance of the wars with the Berbers, upon which people he foists, and undoubtedly correctly, a large share of the blame for the disintegration of Moorish power in Spain. An earnest student of the philosophy of history, it must be accounted surprising that with all his diligent research he overlooks, or rather condones, the factor that was above all responsible for the swift decline of the empire—the factor of Saracen lust. The conquests of the Arabs, he complacently observes, "were secured and their government made permanent by that peculiar provision of their civil polity which, appealing to the strongest of human passions and sanctioned by the injunctions of their prophet, permitted the appropriation of the women of vanquished nations." A civilization rooted in the polygamy and rapine that he can view with equanimity can never hope to be an enduring civilization. Throughout his study of the emirates, the caliphates, the oligarchies, and the African usurpations that follow one another in dazzling succession, lust stalks hand in hand with treachery, and the marvel is not that the Moorish empire fell, but that it was of such duration. Granted that a remarkable degree of civilization was attained by these whilom savage tribes of the desert; granted that they bequeathed to posterity legacies of no uncertain value, Mr. Scott must for his part admit that their touch was in many respects a blight. His indictment of his pet aversion, the Spaniard, as responsible for the present decadence of the Peninsula, is sustained by facts; but it is well to remember that the Spaniard, in the period of national character-build-

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ing, learned lessons from the Saracen that have never been forgotten.

The story of the growth of the Spanish kingdoms, a necessary accessory to a clear understanding of the fortunes of the Moors, is deftly interjected into the main narrative. Indeed, one of the most striking features of the work is the ability with which Mr. Scott passes from theme to theme without allowing the reader to lose sight of the central figure—the Spanish Arab. Thus in the purely historical portion of his work, confined largely to the first two volumes, he studies such diverse subjects as Moorish rule in Sicily, Sardinia, Crete, Malta, and Corsica; the decline of the Damascus Caliphate; the upbuilding of the Almoravide and Almohade empires in Africa; and the general condition of the different countries of Europe, recurring to this last theme in the third volume, where he examines in detail a great variety of apparently extraneous matters, ranging from the troubadours to the relation between religion and science. In the closing volume he also sums up the contributions of the Spanish Arab to modern civilization, religion, philosophy, science, literature, and art. His exploration of the last two products of personality is particularly impressive. The whole field of Moslem art in Spain, from the famous Djalma of Cordova to the humblest textile work, is deployed in the author's most brilliant imagery. Undoubtedly he is extravagant in his appraisal of Saracen accomplishments; but undoubtedly his studies will lead to a better understanding, not alone of Moslem faults and failures, but of Moslem virtues and achievements.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Ancient European Philosophy: The History of Greek Philosophy Psychologically Treated. By Denton J. Snider. The Sigma Publishing Co., St. Louis. 5½×8 in. 730 pages. $1.50.

Mr. Snider follows an old subject, the Greek Philosophy, on an independent line of his own that affords new points of view. Reflective thought upon the problem of existence, beginning as religious, becomes in Greece philosophical, and in our day is becoming psychological. Religion, Philosophy, Psychology—these are the successive stages or disciplines of thought, and of these the last and greatest is Psychology. In this the Self, or Humanity, attains its true worth: "in Psychology the Self, becoming conscious of its supreme creativity, dwells in its own eternal presence, as well as in the presence of God, who likewise dwells in its presence." This large claim will hardly be made by cautious psychologists, or conceded by scrupulous philosophers. Mr. Snider's conception of psychology seems to include both philosophy and religion. Psychology, properly so called, is a science that has to do simply with the phenomena of mental life; the relation of these to fundamental being and ultimate reality is the proper subject matter of philosophy. Apart from his precipitate permission of Aaron's rod to swallow up all others, Mr. Snider's fundamental interest in the endeavor of the self to find and know itself bears fruit in many fresh and interesting observations as he traverses oft-trodden ground.

Ancient World (The). Part I. **Greece and the East.** By W. M. West. Allyn & Bacon, Boston. Illustrated. 5½×7½ in. 270 pages.

"Ask Mamma;" or, The Richest Commoner in England. By the Author of "Handley Cross," "Sponge's Sporting Tour," etc., etc. New edition. 69 woodcuts by John Leech, and 13 colored illustrations. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 525 pages.

This forgotten story was first published in 1858. It is worth while to reprint it chiefly for the sake of Leech's woodcuts, many of which are as good as his famous drawings in "Punch." Despite the title, the interest of the tale is sporting rather than sentimental, with fox-hunting as the most important topic. The humor is of a rather bygone type.

Christian Truth and Modern Opinion. With Preface by Hugh Miller Thompson. (Fifth Edition.) Thomas Whittaker, New York. 5×7½ in. 229 pages. $1.

Since the first edition of this work appeared the movement of thought has confirmed the ground it takes, that scientific studies tend to confirm the substantial truths of Christianity. Only one of the seven distinguished ministers of the Episcopal Church who contributed to it remains now in active service, and only two survive. Of those who have

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passed away the volume is a worthy memorial.

If I Were a Girl Again. By Lucy E. Keeler. The F. H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 203 pages. $1, net.

Several of the chapters in this book of talks with girls were first published in The Outlook. Some of our readers may recall the grace with which the author gives a suggestion, draws a moral, or points a way, always with good sense and cheerfulness.

Indian Priestess (An): The Life of Chundra Lela. By Ada Lee. Illustrated. The F. H. Revell Co., New York. 5½×7½ in. 111 pages. 50c.

A missionary story of the conversion to Christianity and subsequent work and teaching of a woman of Hindustan.

Interloper (The). By Violet Jacob. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 318 pages. $1.50.

Many of our readers will recall "The Sheepstealers," by this author, as one of the strongest English romances of last year. "The Interloper" is less novel in subject and locale, more conventional in its lines, and perhaps a little lame and inartistic in its conclusion, but despite these defects it is an unusual piece of work in fiction. Mrs Jacobs has in a marked degree the faculty of making the reader at home with her characters, and of endowing those characters with individual traits and actuality. This is true of minor figures in the story as well as of those who are important. The manner and tone of the narrative are pleasant, and hold the attention well, and the author avoids with skill the emotionalism or sensationalism with which a less judicious writer might have invested the situation.

Letters of an Old Methodist to His Son in the Ministry. By Robert Allen. The F. H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 243 pages. $1, net.

This is in substance a volume of pastoral theology in a series of plain talks full of country-bred sense to a young man who has graduated from a farm into a pulpit through the usual preparatory courses. His father is concerned for the simplicity and earnestness of the apostolic type of Christianity, and somewhat suspicious of modern learning. The temptations and failings of both pulpit and pew are touched upon with some raciness of homespun speech, and with constant emphasis on moral values and a consecrated purpose. Thus an old subject is presented in a fresh and interesting way.

Modern European Philosophy: The History of Modern Philosophy Psychologically Treated. By Denton J. Snider. The Sigma Publishing Co., St. Louis. 5½×8 in. 829 pages. $1.50.

This volume opens like a walk into breezy fields rather than into a lecture-room. In the Teutonic revolt from Latin domination the individual self declares its independence in Descartes's formula, "I think, therefore I am." The seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries pass in review as the periods severally of renascence, of revolution, of evolution. In the eighteenth century the fierce criticism of Kant and the sword of Frederick the Great parallel each other in destructive work. The nineteenth century builds up anew in constructive work from the bottom. Each of these periods has its three representatives—Descartes, Spinoza, Leibniz; Locke, Hume, Kant; Hegel, Darwin, Physio-psychism—the latter a stage so recent and incomplete that it is still unpersonified in a name. Viewing the Triad of the New Platonists and the Trinity of Christian theologians as formulations of a universal process, Mr. Snider everywhere analyzes and groups by threes, not always free in such symmetry from a smack of artificiality. The triad of the nineteenth century, after a hundred and ninety pages have been given to Hegel, is treated with a brevity that tends to obscurity in the ten pages occupied with Darwinism and Physio-psychism, or the natural history of the soul. Here certainly is subject matter for philosophizing, but it is not philosophy. A spiritual interpreter of the universe, and free from hackneyed thought, Mr. Snider, in his review of representative modern thinkers, contributes fresh interest to study of them as marking epochs in the struggle of the mind to understand itself.

New England Ferns and Their Common Allies. By Helen Eastman. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 161 pages. $1.

A capital aid to all interested in this charming study. The pictures are notably fine.

Philippine Islands, 1493–1898 (The). Translated from the Originals. Edited and Annotated by Emma Helen Blair and James Alexander Robertson, with Historical Introduction and Additional Notes by Edward Gaylord Bourne. Illustrated. Vol. XV.—1609. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland, Ohio. 6×10 in. 331 pages.

Princess and Pilgrim in England. By Caroline M. Sheldon. The Lucas-Lincoln Co., Washington, D. C. Illustrated. 5×7½ in. 248 pages. $1.25.

Theology of the Reformed Church in its Fundamental Principles (The). By the late William Hastie, D.D. Edited by William Fulton, D.D. (The Croall Lecture for 1892.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×8 in. 283 pages. $2, net.

Under this sober title of a course of lectures given in 1892 by a masterly theologian, and now first published, an unexpected treat awaits the reader who has an active interest in critical theological studies. As an expositor of the Calvinistic in distinction from the Lutheran line of Protestant theology, Dr. Hastie discusses in succession the Protestant principle and its application, the theological principle, and then the anthropological as seen in religious development; lastly, the stumbling-stone to many, absolute predestination. He is especially concerned to clear the fathers of the Reformation from misconceptions entertained and presented by their successors. He is everywhere intent on dis-

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entangling the substantial idea from its transient and inadequate form. Thus the so-called "federal theology," with its doctrine of the "covenants of works and grace," which after flourishing for three centuries and more many now deem obsolete, Dr. Hastie holds to be in affinity with Hegel's exposition of the historical development of religious experience: it "requires only to be explicated anew in terms of contemporary science to embrace every new departure in religion, and to comprehend every new idea and tendency of the philosophical and historical theology of to-day." In general, it is Dr. Hastie's endeavor to develop the principles of the Reformed theology in harmony with contemporary thought and experience. This harmony he finds in its fundamental principle of the sovereignty of God, and this as involving the idea of an absolute predestination, "the great burden of the system," as he frankly confesses. This, however, grows from the incompleteness in which the doctrine was left by the Reformers. Their cardinal principle of the Divine Sovereignty is incompatible with the dualism involved in endless moral evil. Dr. Hastie therefore holds that the Reformed Theology, when completed, will give "a deepened belief in the endless development of all created souls," a spirit-world reconciled, perfected, and unified. Thus Dr. Hastie does in substance, though with more discriminating judgment in details, what the early Universalist preachers did a century ago, when they based their doctrine of the future on the Calvinistic principle. It is highly significant to hear this eminent Presbyterian teacher say: "This word of eternal hope seems to me the latest message of the Reformed Theology."

Under Mexican Skies: Pen Pictures. By Annie C. Galloway. Illustrated. Frank V. Webb, Mexico City, Mexico. 5½×8 in. 138 pages.

Correspondence

Letters addressed to the Editors of The Outlook, to receive any attention whatever, must in all cases be accompanied by the name and address of the writer. Names will not be published if a request to that effect is made by the writer, but no attention, either personal or editorial, can be paid to anonymous communications.

Views of a Missionary on the Philippine Problem

[The following letter from a son of Bishop James S. Johnston, of western Texas, who is now a resident in Manila, where he is engaged in missionary work, may, we think, be taken by our readers as a true representation and interpretation of the view taken of the present Philippine problem, not by commercial exploiters, but by the best elements in the American population—those whose sympathies with the Filipinos are the greatest and who approve the reality of their friendship by self-sacrificing services. As such it is well worthy of careful consideration by American readers in this country.—THE EDITORS.]

News comes to us that there is a movement on foot at home to get both the Republican and Democratic parties to insert planks in their platforms pledging to the people of these islands their National independence. There is but one opinion of the movement among Americans who are face to face with the problem that our country has undertaken to solve in those islands; and that opinion is, that it is utterly misbegotten.

The agitation in America of national independence for the Philippine Islands is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and a great many ill. The insertion of an independence plank in a party platform this year would mean, almost certainly, that next year a thousand or ten thousand Filipinos will have to be given a kind of independence that they did not bargain for, and that is independence of earthly cares. The islands are still full of agitators of the worst type, ready to take advantage of any and everything that gives the least color to their wild schemes, every one of which leads down the dusty way of death, or, at the best, to Bilibid prison. There is at least a regiment of "Atkinson patriots," the courts call them Ladrones, in Bilibid prison now, and the cry is, "still they come." It is pathetic to see them marching in, by twos and threes and twenties, to the piping of their long-distance friends, who know nothing about their "little brown brother" either in Bilibid or out of it. As I listen to the tooting of Edward Atkinson, that blind leader of the blind, and day by day see those silly children led on to their ruin, "tripping and skipping" with "shouting and laughter," I am set to wondering whether, after all, there is not more truth than poetry, even though the poetry be Browning's, in the story of the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

The Filipino is still a child. But even were the natives of those islands more mature than they are, it would be absurd to talk of granting them independence until the half-dozen or more tribes that go to make up the population of the islands have a great deal more in common than they have now. The fact that there is no such thing as a Filipino people cannot be emphasized too much. Remove the strong arm of the American Government from these islands, and within a year they would be split up into half a dozen warring little tyrannies, so obnoxious to civilization that, despite the severest power that our Government could put on, some

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Power, worthy to be called a Power, would step in and bring some sort of order out of the general chaos. In the meantime, not only every Chinaman, but every Spaniard and every American, in the islands would be murdered. The Englishman would probably escape, for though his sins of omission are doubtless many, there is one sin that England has never yet committed, and that is the cardinal national sin of failing to protect the sons who go out from her to subdue the earth; and this the most ignorant savage seems somehow to understand. Let the United States withdraw from these islands, and it will be true here in our day, as it was true in the days of the judges three thousand years ago, that there will be no king in the land, and every man will do what is right in his own eyes, and what they do will cause the civilized world to shudder.

But if the purpose of this movement is simply to bind our posterity to do what they now think posterity ought to do, I say that posterity never was, and never will be, bound by the paper deeds of dead men mortgaging their liberty to think, and to do what they think best. And I hope it is not too much to expect that our posterity will be quite as able to arrive at and execute a moral judgment as the Pied Piper of Boston town. If it is not, then I doubt not that even the heterogeneous population of these islands could throw off the yoke that such a people might try to rivet on them.

M. G. JOHNSTON.

Manila, Philippine Islands.

Do We Vote for Candidate or Platform?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Your issue of July 2 contains an editorial entitled "Mr. Roosevelt's Platform," with which the country as a whole would be glad to agree. It would like to believe, with the writer of the editorial, that the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt by the Republican party has committed the party to the principles which Mr. Roosevelt has avowed. The conviction that under Republican rule the seven vital problems of the Race, Labor, the Trust, the Tariff, Expansion, Foreign Policy, and the Currency, would receive treatment in accordance with the suggestions of Mr. Roosevelt's public speeches, would remove a stumbling-block from the path of the conscientious voter. But such a conviction finds little support in the attitude of the Chicago Convention.

If the Republican party had remained silent on the questions under discussion, its silence might possibly be interpreted as acquiescence in the policy of its candidate. But where the Convention was at pains to declare its opinion, that declaration must be taken as authoritative. Now, on one only of the seven problems under consideration did the Republican party fail to enunciate a distinct policy—the problem of Labor. On the questions of Expansion, of Foreign Policy, and of the Currency, it expressed its substantial agreement with Mr. Roosevelt's policy. On the questions of the Race, the Trusts, and the Tariff, it expressed a no less substantial disagreement with his policy, so far as it is represented by the quotations in The Outlook.

In regard to the Race problem, Mr. Roosevelt takes the position that color is in itself no bar to *office*—a position purely administrative, but requiring the support of the Senate. The Convention, although it praised most of the President's official acts, was careful to give no approval to this position. Instead, it passed a resolution threatening to reduce the representation of such States as deprive negroes of the *suffrage*—a resolution which is probably *brutum fulmen*, so far as its embodiment in legislation is concerned, but which is calculated to revive and intensify the flames of sectional antagonism over a question which demands above all, as The Outlook has frequently pointed out, the friendly co-operation of all sections of the country.

On the Tariff problem Mr. Roosevelt's utterances, as quoted in the Outlook, recognize the necessity for flexibility in the protective system, by the adjustment of particular schedules to the interests of the country as a whole. They exhibit him as an earnest advocate of reciprocity treaties. The Convention at Chicago was dominated by the declared foes of tariff revision in any form. There was indeed in the platform a grudging admission that changes in the existing law might at some time become necessary (with the obvious implication that the time was not yet), but this plank (if newspapers are to be believed) was a concession to the Western wing of the party, and was no part of the original platform brought from Washington by Senator Lodge. To reciprocity treaties the Republican leaders declared themselves favorable only when such treaties can be effected "*without injury* to American agriculture, American labor, *or any American industry*"—a qualification which effectually removes the question from the region of practical politics. A true friend of reciprocity (and such, we are told, is Mr. Roosevelt) would view with more favor the test set by the Democratic platform, where such treaties are approved as "can be entered into *with benefit* to American agriculture, manufactures, mining, or commerce." He would lay especial stress, as the Democratic platform has done, on the case of Canada, with which a liberal commercial treaty would probably secure more benefits, political and economic, than any other single measure now before the country, and he would regard the omission of any reference to Canada in the Republican platform as a decisive proof that reciprocity, if indorsed as a theory, was rejected as a practical policy.

It is on the question of Trusts, however, that the contrast between Mr. Roosevelt's views and those of his party is most glaring. His speeches show, too plainly for doubt, that he regards the power of great corporations as a danger to the State. "The Na-

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tion," he says, "must assume (its) power of control *by legislation; if necessary, by Constitutional amendment*." In other words, Mr. Roosevelt deems the present laws inadequate to the solution of the Trust problem. His party are, unfortunately, of a different opinion. After expressing approval of combinations of capital and labor ("when lawfully formed for lawful purposes") as "results of the economic movement of the age," the platform declares with unction that such combinations "are subject to the laws and" cannot "be permitted to break them." "Laws," of course, are the present laws, the laws which Mr. Roosevelt has declared inadequate. On the Trust question, as on the Tariff, the official platform of the Republican party ignores the demands of progress, refuses even to admit the existence of a problem. It was left to the Democratic party to embody in its platform the substance of Mr. Roosevelt's policy. He might not approve of the plan to deprive convicted monopolies of the privileges of inter-State commerce; but the suggested enlargement of the powers of the Inter-State Commerce Commission and the explicit demand for "strict enforcement of existing statutes" and "the enactment of such further legislation as may be necessary" are in line with the opinions which he has expressed, and to which his own party has given no utterance.

The fundamental difference between the President and the President's party is one of attitude even more than of expression. Mr. Roosevelt wants to solve problems; his party, to muffle them in generalities. The leaders are willing to revise the tariff, should the necessity arise. But has the necessity now arisen? They will negotiate reciprocity treaties, whenever such treaties will do no harm. But would the Kasson treaties do harm? How about Canada? They will see that trusts obey the law. But will they change the law, and how? These are the questions which the country is asking. Mr. Roosevelt would give us an answer; the Republican party leaves us to determine its attitude by an inference only too plain.

It is, of course, a political commonplace that when the party and the candidate differ, the party binds the candidate, not the candidate the party. It might be inferred, however, from the unanimous nomination of Mr. Roosevelt at Chicago, and the enthusiastic indorsement of his administration by the Convention, that the party was prepared to accept his leadership in matters of legislative policy. Such an inference would be fatally defective. It would confuse two things which in the Convention were never confused—a record and a policy. What was indorsed by the Convention, and in fact appropriated, was Mr. Roosevelt's record. That record is popular, and has won the approval of the American people. What was not indorsed, but by implication rejected, was his policy, in so far as it differs from the policy of the extreme Stalwart or "Stand Pat" faction. In the cases of the contested delegations from Wisconsin and Delaware, the delegations which, in the opinion of The Outlook, represent Mr. Roosevelt's principles were unseated without argument. In the adoption of the platform, the policy which he has recommended was not even discussed. Yet at no time could the party have so great an interest in adopting the views of the President as now, when it is trying to win votes by the help of his popularity. What the party refuses to promise in the face of an election, it will hardly concede after the election is won. Nor can a Republican Congress be blamed for refusing, at the dictation of the President, to enact legislation which was no part of their promise to the people. Rather would the President be to blame for trying to force on his party measures which not only had formed no part of their programme, but which had actually been the property of their defeated rivals.

There is, then, a real dilemma for the voter who believes in Mr. Roosevelt, and would like to see a continuation of his able and patriotic administration; who perceives the disorganization of the Democratic forces and their control by the bosses, but who at the same time cannot blind his eyes to the need of vigorous legislation, and the small prospect of obtaining it from a Republican Congress. For definite promises the Republicans give him Ship Subsidies and "the liberal administration of the pension laws"—promises for which The Outlook at least will not be too grateful. But with regard to the crucial problems of Capital and Labor, of Monopolies, of unequal taxation, of the extension of foreign markets, their intentions are conveyed by a most eloquent silence. Here is a dilemma which the voter must face. Had he not better face it with his eyes open, instead of cherishing a misty hope that Mr. Roosevelt's scattered utterances will prove of greater authority than the official platform of his party?

W. B. C., Jr.

Deer Park, California.

[The American people generally regard the character of the candidate as more important than the declaration of the platform; and they are right. So the character of a church is more determined by the spirit of the minister than by the language of the creed. In the same town may be two Episcopal churches with the same creed, one High Church, the other Low; or two Presbyterian churches with the same creed, one conservative, the other progressive. Lincoln and Johnson were elected on the same platform, but the policy of the administration was entirely changed after the death of Lincoln. In general, the man is of more importance than the utterance, whether of creed or of platform. Frequently the majority, having secured the candidate of their choice, give the platform to the minority, in order to unite both wings of the party in the election. This was the case this year in

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both Conventions. At St. Louis the Cleveland Democrats chose the candidate; the platform is essentially that of the Bryan Democracy. At Chicago the progressive Republicans chose the candidate, but demanded nothing in the platform that conservative Republicans could not vote for. The Republican platform says less than Mr. Roosevelt has said, but we do not think there are any utterances in it which are inconsistent with his utterances or his official acts. In our judgment, a Democratic vote will be cast not for a Bryan platform, but for a conservative Democracy; and a Republican vote will be cast not for a financial platform, but for a progressive Republican.—THE EDITORS.]

The Closed Shop

To the Editors of The Outlook:

For two years I have been making a first-hand investigation of trade-unions. As a natural result I was greatly interested in the editorial of July 16 on the "Open Shop." It is the only article I have read dealing with this live issue which treats the question of the open shop from an unprejudiced point of view. It is for this very reason that I desire to make a reply to it. The problems of trade-unionism are matters for clear thinking and not for prejudice. Hence, though I fully appreciate the value of the editorial, and accept many of the conclusions arrived at, yet I am of the opinion that some of the conclusions have not been sufficiently demonstrated. I refer particularly to the last and most important conclusion of all, that "the closed shop is alike inconsistent with the fundamental principles and essential spirit of free American institutions." This is a weighty indictment and should be supported by arguments of the most convincing nature.

I wish it to be understood that I am confining my reply to this one conclusion, which has to do with the theory of the open shop, and am in no sense dealing with the conclusion preceding it, "that it [the closed shop] is against the interests of workingmen, of labor organizations, and of the general community." This latter subject, which has to do with the practical workings of a closed shop, is vast in extent and difficult to discuss in any reasonably short space.

The closed shop is objected to because "it is alike inconsistent with the fundamental principles and the essential spirit of free American institutions." This is but another way of stating the two main objections to the closed shop raised by the editor. These are: (1) Workmen are coerced into labor organizations because of closed shops. (2) Closed shops take away from the non-union man the right to work. I will reply to each objection in turn.

(1) Does the closed shop necessitate the coercion of workmen into unions? It may be that it results in such coercion. But that is not the question. Is such coercion an essential part in the scheme of the closed shops? On first thought it would seem so. This is mainly due, however, to a confusion in thought. Many here substitute for "closed shop" the words "closed trade." But the two are very different. For a whole trade to be closed, it would be necessary for each shop in that trade to be closed. That would mean that all workmen engaged in that trade must be members of the trade organization, or, in other words, that trade would be thoroughly organized. It is obvious that in such a trade there would be no place for a non-union man. But there is no such trade, and in all trades that are of any magnitude perfect organization is only a distant ideal, and the perfect and thorough organization of each and every trade can no more be realized in the world of trade-unionism than perpetual motion or a perfect vacuum in the world of physics.

Open shops there are, and such there always will be. Let the non-union man work in these. He does not need to be coerced into a union. If his shop becomes a closed shop, he must change to an open shop if he wishes to work as a non-union man. This may not always be easy, but that makes it none the less possible. So much for coercion.

(2) Does the closed shop interfere with the liberty of the non-union man, by taking away from him his right to work? It has been shown above that the non-union man has the right to work provided he confines himself to open shops. But what of the closed shop? Is the closed shop destroying part of his liberty?

In dealing with this abstract question in ethics the greatest care must be taken to apply exactly the same code in the case of both the union and the non-union man. Let the non-union man be dealt with first. He has—

(*a*) If he is to live, the right to work.

(*b*) If he is to be a moral being, the right to think and to choose.

(*c*) If he is to be a man and not a slave, the right to choose his own work.

Up to this point every one would agree. But when the same code is applied to the union man, some at once falter. But both men have exactly those same rights. To deny them to either is manifestly unjust.

But what can these rights be interpreted to mean for the union man, if one is perfectly fair in the matter?

(*a*) The right to work. No one questions this.

(*b*) The right to think and to choose for himself. This results in trade organization, and collective bargaining, and the desire to see trade-unionism extended.

(*c*) The right to choose his own work. This means the right to agree to work or to refuse to work, under certain stipulated or implied conditions. But the union man may agree to work only with union men, and may refuse to work with non-union men. This, however, brings about the closed shop. But who shall deny him that right? Surely not those who have granted it to all men

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alike, regardless of trade affiliations. It would be as logical to argue against freedom of contract and for a return to slavery, as to argue that a non-union man should have the right to choose his place of work, while the union man should be morally condemned for exercising exactly the same right. To give the non-union man the moral right to work in each and every shop of his trade by depriving the union man of the moral right to refuse to work in certain shops (open shops), would be nothing short of jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire. Let it once more be stated that this reply is solely a discussion of abstract rights, and does not attempt in any way to deal either with the practical workings of closed and open shops or with applications to particular cases.

H. B. TAPLIN.

[We publish this letter without replying to it, and with only two comments on it: (1) We affirm the *legal* right of the workingman to refuse to work with any man for any reason, or for no reason at all. He must be his own absolute judge on the question whom he is willing to have for his companion. But he does not exercise this right in a moral manner if he disregards the interests of the community; and it is not for the interests of the community that workingmen should be divided into sects who refuse to have any fellowship, even of a business nature, with each other. (2) In general, the most earnest advocates of the closed shop are also advocates of the boycott. That is, they would combine to prevent the sale of all goods made by other than closed shops. This is a combination to promote a monopoly of labor; and that, in our judgment, both is and ought to be illegal.—THE EDITORS.]

What Is Religion?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I was religiously brought up by New England parents, and till long after I was of age regarded the Bible as one consistent narrative, to be taken literally, with the exception of the parables in the New Testament. After I grew older and got out in the world and began to reason for myself I began to doubt, and now I am simply in a state of bewilderment. The first thing that shook my faith was that my prayers were not answered. I had always been taught at home and at church to believe in answer to prayer, and now, when I prayed for that which I knew then and know now to be good for me and got it not, no amount of Christian sophistry could convince me that I had not been cruelly deceived.

The Bible heroes always had their prayers answered, no matter how unreasonable or inhumane they might be, and the good little boys in the religious papers who prayed for candy always got it by return mail, while I, who prayed year after year with faith and hope for something which was moral, humane, and essential to my happiness and usefulness, never got it at all.

So, also, about the Bible; I came to feel that I had been deceived. I, an innocent child, helpless, with receptive soul, had been taught Hebrew legends and allegories for the truth, and, worse than all, had been taught that God, the creator and ruler of the universe, had not only made a botch of the human race, but that, like an ill-natured boy, who, having made a bungle of a rabbit trap, kicks it to pieces in his rage, he vented his anger at his mistake upon us and actually took delight in the endless sufferings of the lost souls in hell. I can no longer believe in such a God as that, and as for the Bible, I do not understand it, so what is the use of reading it? Nevertheless, I have the highest respect for the Bible, and would like to read it if I could understand it.

I believe that the "higher critics" disavow the miracles, classify several of the books as fiction, and give a different interpretation to the whole Bible; but it appears to me that the great body of the ministry does not agree with them—at least, not openly. I have lived in large Eastern cities, and heard some noted preachers—I was a regular hearer of one minister of National reputation who had been a professor in a theological seminary—but I never heard a word from the pulpit, or in the Sunday-school, to the effect that the stories of Jonah, and Joshua, and the prophet's bears which ate up the bad children, were not all absolutely and literally true. Instead, I have heard elaborate explanations—how it was not a whale that swallowed Jonah, but a "great fish" of some extinct species, etc. This sort of thing is sad, laughable, or nauseating, according to the way you look at it. In ordinary affairs a man may confess ignorance; but when it comes to such a matter as the destiny of an immortal soul, where is the clergyman who will hesitate to answer?

Then, on the other hand, if the Bible is not an inspired work, and is not literally true, how shall we take it? Can we use it as a chart by which to lay our course? Are its teachings only the personal opinions of the writers? Is it only a library of Hebrew literature, full of wise sayings and lofty thoughts, with a current of deep religious sentiment running through it, but purely human after all?

I do not understand what you say about Christ. "God has entered into the world, filled one human life full of himself," etc. Do you mean that Christ was simply a good man inspired by God, but not equal with him, and not having had any pre-existence? Who was Christ, and what do we actually know about him? I have heard ministers speak of the "historic Christ" as though that phrase were a clincher in itself. It is a big, mouth-filling expression, but, like some catchwords of the politicians, I cannot see much sense in it. I wish that some wise man would talk to me as he might to one who had spent his whole life in a lighthouse and had never had any religious instruction whatever. Most of the religious discussions that I hear or read seem to me to deal with

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mere side issues—why young men don't attend church—how to reach the masses—while I want to hear (and never do hear) about the fundamental, elementary principles of religion. Is man immortal? Is there a God, and if so why does he leave us in doubt? What is the Christian religion reduced to its simplest expression? If the New Testament is true, why did not Christ write his gospel down in his own life and in such a full and plain manner that there should be no room for doubt or misconception? And the miracles. If they are open to doubt, of what value are they? A miracle is such an unusual, improbable thing that there should be no uncertainty about it. A doubtful miracle seems to me to be as poor evidence as an unsigned statement. In short, is there any proof of God or immortality other than the longing in our own souls?

I am sick of platitudes, evasions, and glittering generalities. I want to be treated with sincerity. I want to hear the simple truth—not "as to a little child," but as to a grown man, who must reason as well as feel—a man who has sinned and suffered and now fain would find a safe anchorage for his soul in this sea of doubt and trouble.

San Diego, California. * *

[See an editorial in this number of The Outlook.—THE EDITORS.]

A Minister on a Layman's View

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The writer of "A Layman's Point of View" in The Outlook, July 16, has certainly taken an unusual "point of view"—a view which, doubtless, should not be so unusual as it is. But it seems to me that to pursue his suggested policy to its conclusion would furnish the world with a Church of no very high ideals. This is the trend of modern church life—to lower the standards, and forget Paul's injunction to be "separate," and a "peculiar people."

The "Layman" says that "the protest of Jesus was directed against the Church of his day." Yes, and why was it? Because that Church had lowered or lost its ideals, and tolerated sin and hypocrisy under a cloak of righteousness. The exterior was a lofty profession, but their inward part, Jesus declared, was full of extortion and wickedness.

But there is "no injunction to repudiate the sinner." No, if he be a repentent sinner. If he be a self-satisfied sinner, however, there are several such injunctions and some object-lessons. To keep such a sinner out of the Church is not a parallel with excluding children from the schools because those children cannot read or write. For the very presence of a child at school is a confession that he *wants to learn*. This is all that is required. If he does not want to learn and will not learn, he is soon dropped, whether it be school or college. The question is not is he *apt* to learn, but does he *want* to learn? This, I believe, is the important truth, apparently overlooked by the "Layman." The *standard* which the Church sets up is not one of *attainment*, but of *purpose*. We do not ask, "Are you a saint?" but "Are you striving to become a saint?"

We must go back of the incident quoted of the young woman suspected of immorality. If the Church refused her protection and excluded her on a first offense, then the Church was very wrong and far from exemplifying the spirit of the Master. But, on the other hand, the Church should be no shelter or refuge for a young woman whose habitual practice is evil, and who does not purpose to do right. The Church does not exist simply because there are sinners. It exists for sinners who are sick of sin and want to find a new life.

As for the example of the embezzler who mingled his prayers and his thieving through so many years, I should say that thus to live a lie was a shameful sin against God, and an outrage against the charity of his fellow-churchmen. Can we excuse him on the ground that he might have been "vainly trying to do right"? We forget that a man need not try *in vain*. He should not have fought alone. "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

"But penitence," it is said, "is a matter of the heart and not of the will." I cannot agree to that proposition. True penitence is a matter of the heart *and* of the will. And this sets up, not a standard of *achievement*, but of *purpose*. The Church cannot, and as far as I know does not, set itself up as a communion of saints. "If we say that we have no sin, we lie and the truth is not in us." But neither can Christ's Church lapse into so weak a state as a company of sinners *vainly* trying to do right. Here in this world Christians should learn the song of victory "through the blood of the Lamb."

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To the Editors of The Outlook:

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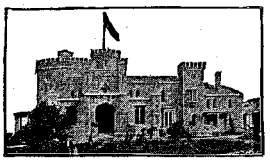

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